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THE MANIPUR RESIDENCY GARRISON, RETREATING TO SILCHAR, FIGHTING ON THE ROAD.

SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT H. W. G. COLE, COMMANDING GOORKHA MILITARY POLICE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The young French gentleman of thirteen years of age who has discovered that all life is hollow, and published his views, has come in for a great deal of ridicule on account of his precocious pessimism; but, after all, one can "only speak as one finds," and it is not to be denied that thirteen is not a nice age for enjoyment. A writer, whose Roman (or Grecian) hand is easily recognised, has suggested that this youth can never have "hit over the Pavilion"—presumably not the edifice in Piccadilly. But a schoolboy of thirteen hits over nothing (though he is often hit over), but is always fielding. Four years on one side or the other is an epoch greatly to be preferred: in the one case he is still a home bird and his mother's darling; in the other, if he has half the precocity of our young French friend, he is somebody else's darling. At thirteen he is "a lower boy" and a fag at school, and in the holidays bullied even by his sisters. He has no vanity (a gift of maturer years which enables us to bear so much) and very little pocket-money. There is almost as much rubbish talked about the happiness of boys at this age as of their education. I remember one of those dreadful persons who delight in discouraging youth informing me, at that epoch, I should never be so happy again: "You are like a young bear," he grimly added, "with all your troubles before you." I thought him an old bear for saying so, but if I had known, as I do now, that he was also a liar, it would have comforted me immensely; at thirteen I was in more need of comfort than I have ever been since. Life seemed "holler, very holler," and especially that end of it with which I was acquainted.

A fine supply of contempt is always being showered upon sentimental persons, and there is no doubt that the absence of tender feelings is an admirable defensive armour in the battle of life; but now and again it acts to the disadvantage of the wearer. A gentleman most admirably provided in this way, who makes his living in the summer months by stealing flowers from graves, has been taken up for the unlawful possession of a cartload of them. No less than seventeen graves, tended by many more loving hands, had been thus desecrated; but to this view of the matter the accused was absolutely blind. He was very keen about the actual damage done, protesting that the twelve pounds at which it was estimated was too high; but not a word had he to say of what everybody else thought the worst part of his offence, and the one for which he will be chiefly made to suffer. If he had possessed the least touch of tenderness, he would have understood that stealing flowers from cemeteries is looked upon less favourably than stealing them from gardens. He might have even pleaded that he took the flowers to decorate the last resting place of some dear departed one of his own. But this ingenious defence was denied him through his too "saving common-sense," his having a practical mind with "no nonsense" about it; poor fellow!

Other virtues may similarly be carried too far. Two youths started from Colchester the other day, on foot, for London, with the intention of making their fortunes in the Metropolis—in itself an admirable aspiration, illustrated by Dick Whittington and eulogised by Mr. Samuel Smiles. Unfortunately, their united wealth did not run to the proverbial half-crown, but only to ninepence—or fourpence-halfpenny each: this, however, only made the attempt more meritorious. Moreover, one of them had thirteen brothers and sisters, and, being himself of the ripe age of twelve, "thought it high time that he should be doing something." They were both brought up before the Lord Mayor for "wandering about without visible means of support," and have been remanded. I have never been remanded myself, but hope it is something of the nature of a reward; for such boys surely deserve encouragement. The one who wanted "to do something for himself," at twelve, will seem especially virtuous to Paterfamilias, whose boys do not generally entertain that aspiration so early, and sometimes not at all.

Among the cases that have of late been referred to of expulsion from the House of Commons, I have not seen mentioned that of Benjamin Walsh. He had been well known as a speculator in the City, and, though he was made a bankrupt, almost immediately afterwards obtained a seat in the House. His recent misfortune does not seem to have shaken the confidence reposed in his commercial abilities, and Sir Thomas Plomer, a fellow-member of high character, entrusted him with £22,000 to purchase Government securities for him. Three-fourths of this money, however, Mr. Walsh laid out in American securities upon his own account, and took passage for the United States with the view of living there upon the proceeds. On his road to Falmouth, from which port he designed to embark, he was seized and brought back to town by a Bow Street runner. The cause of his capture—curiously enough—was his pertinacity in using his privilege as an M.P. of franking letters; each missive he dispatched to his friends upon his journey being endorsed "Free; B. Walsh." He was indicted at the Old Bailey, but had the good fortune to be defended by Scarlett. His advocate did not attempt to excuse his conduct, but, as £6000 of the £22,000 had actually been expended in Exchequer Bills, advanced the following plea: "That there could be no charge of stealing the cheque, since it was in evidence that it had been given for a specific purpose; nor, since it had not been altogether misapplied, could the law allow the act of felony to be in part separated." It was agreed that the jury should find a verdict subject to the future opinions of the twelve judges upon this knotty point. They immediately found one of—guilty. But the judges decided that Walsh's crime did not amount to felony, and, since of that he had been convicted, he received a free pardon. The Commons expelled him from the House; but, since he was once more declared bankrupt, poor Sir Thomas "found himself entitled only to a pitiful dividend." A much

better known case at one time than that of Benjamin Walsh, was that of Sir Balaam; but few people read Pope now. The City knight's offence was for taking "bribes from France," and he was "suspended" from his Parliamentary duties for good and all—

The House impeach him, Coningsby harangues,  
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.

One wonders whether the author of "Coningsby" was indebted for the name to this classic source.

An enterprising firm of "journalists" at Tiffin, Ohio, have solved the problem of education neatly. Hitherto, the despotism of competition has only been mitigated by "cram" and "crib," but these gentlemen have discovered a method of doing away with it altogether. So, at least, I gather from their circular, addressed to that large class of young gentlemen who are not addicted to study, and whose would-be genial existence is clouded by failure in "exams." A pretty compliment is paid them at starting. "The student of the present day, though more capable than that of any preceding generation, finds that, in doing justice to the physical man (a charming euphemism for the love of games), he has little time for literary work and a mastery of the sciences, and therefore his efforts in one branch or the other—or it may be both—are unsatisfactory." In other words, he gets "gulfed" in all his examinations. As Mr. Punch described it—

Pluckings sore long time he bore,  
Coaches were in vain,  
At last, disgusted, he took and cursed it,  
And didn't try again.

But now he may try again, and, thanks to the journalists of Tiffin, probably succeed. No longer will he be compelled by "a tyrannical college faculty to waste mortal time and parental money in gorging a brain with a material as foreign to it as sawdust." The firm will supply all deficiencies, and do his work for him. It has engaged "two of the most prolific writers of the age to furnish all kinds of literary productions at a very slight cost." For "an essay," the price will be from nine to ten dollars; for "eulogies" and "invectives" (in English schools there is a good deal of invective, but they are not included in the curriculum), from six to twenty dollars; for sermons (this convenience is presumably addressed to theological students), from six to twenty-five dollars. The system is apparently in full swing, since "the large number of productions that we have already furnished to the best colleges of the land have given entire satisfaction in every respect"—though more so, perhaps, to the candidates than to the authorities. What seems too good to be true, "No money is required in advance." At first sight, this seems to add trustfulness to philanthropy; but, upon reflection, one sees where the screw may be put on in the case of candidates whose success has been owing to this firm in Tiffin. As a labour-saving device the scheme seems admirable, and does away with most of those difficulties which now harass our educationalists.

A lady has donned the diver's dress and explored the depths of the tank at the Naval Exhibition. This is the first time that any member of the fair sex has ever actually accomplished this feat, though romance has described it as an everyday performance with Undine, and Hood gives us the picture of a "Diving Belle." Nevertheless, though no lady emulated the example of the gentleman at the old Polytechnic, who seemed to live under water, and to pass his time in looking for coppers and tapping them against his helmet when he found them, I remember a story of one who used to frequent the bell attached to that institution for other than "diver's reasons." There was no other place where she could meet her lover secure from the observation of unsympathising friends, and they used to descend in it together daily, though at no inconsiderable expense—I think sixpence a head used to be charged for each immersion. There was a page kept by the establishment who was always in the bell, and acted as chaperon; but even if he had been absent, there would have been a difficulty in indulging the tender emotions: kneeling, for example, was an impossibility, and there was such a singing in one's ears that the whisper of love must have been utterly inaudible. On the other hand, a very desirable sense of security (for the seat that ran round the bell was very narrow) was imparted to any young couple by the action of clasping hands, and I remember they always did it.

The common stinging nettle, we are told, is just now "at its best," which to the ordinary mind is not a fulsome encomium. It is, however, Science informs us, "a valuable antiscorbutic food," and, when washed and "sharply boiled," tastes almost like spinach. This, too, may not be thought very high praise, the chief advantage of the latter vegetable with most people being of a poetic rather than a practical character: "It is perfectly antiphotonic to 'Greenwich,'" says the poet, which locality is desperately in want of a rhyme. With groundsel and nettles added to their list of delicacies, the vegetarians ought now to be looking up; but nettles are by no means a novelty as an article of food. One of the most terrible passages in Carlyle's "French Revolution" describes them as being one of the few edibles left to the miserable peasantry, and, moreover, that every third nettle (if I remember right), or the value of it, went to their feudal lords. A London daily informs us that some benevolent scientific gentleman has "persuaded a rector's family to taste boiled nettles, with the most successful results." But the experiment seems a little (nettle) rash. A more prudent man would have first tried it on a curate's family.

Dr. Richardson's conclusions concerning the law of the variations of temperature in relation to human health are very interesting, if not very cheerful. Up to the age of thirty these variations have no ill consequences, and are, perhaps, even welcome: "weather or no," variety is pleasing—

Naught cared this body for wind and weather  
When youth and I lived in 't together;

but after thirty a fall in temperature means mischief, and acts

in waves of intensity according to our ages. If the fall is sufficient to increase mortality at the rate of two deaths at thirty-nine, these will become "four at forty-eight, eight at fifty-seven, sixteen at sixty-six, thirty-two at seventy-five, and sixty-four at eighty-four years of age." No wonder old people dropped off in such numbers this year, "caught (like the blackbird) in the frozen palms of Spring"! This metaphor has a curious parallel, by-the-by, in Shelley—

Winter come; the wind was his whip,  
One chapped finger was on his lip.

It is pleasant to find that Dr. Richardson approves of what Nature dictates, though Science has hitherto denounced the practice of getting thoroughly warmed before going out into the cold air. I am told that our Canadian cousins never think of taking off their furs when making a call, and those Freezelanders, if anybody, surely ought to know. On the other hand, Dr. Richardson is fixed against hot grog as a means of keeping out the cold; he will not even permit what the Apostle recommends, "a little wine for the stomach's sake." He affirms (rather audaciously) that it is bad for the stomach.

## HOME NEWS.

On June 1 the Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Grand Duke of Hesse, drove from Balmoral to Ballater, and witnessed the removal, with military honours, of the remains of the late Lieutenant G. McDonald Barrett, Royal Scots Fusiliers, for interment in Devonshire. Mr. William Barrett, brother of the deceased officer, was presented to her Majesty, and to him the Queen gave a wreath of everlasting flowers to be placed on his brother's coffin.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, opened an exhibition of Home Arts and Industries on June 2 at the Royal Albert Hall.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who is a Bencher of the Middle Temple, dined with the Treasurer (Lord Coleridge) and the other Benchers of that Inn on June 2, in their hall, in celebration of the Grand Day of Trinity Term.

Influenza has broken out at Balmoral Castle, and a number of the domestics are suffering from the malady. Her Majesty, in order to avoid the cold evening winds at present so prevalent, is driving out earlier in the afternoons than usual. The Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod preached in the castle on Sunday, May 31.

The deaths primarily attributed to influenza in London were 310 in the week ending May 30; and, in addition to these, there were sixty-four cases in which influenza was certified to have occurred in the course of other diseases.

Owing to the rain which fell on Saturday morning, May 30, the ceremony of trooping the colour on the Horse Guards' Parade was postponed till the following Monday morning. The inspection of the Post-Office Rifles, which was fixed for some hours later, took place in Hyde Park, the weather then being fine. On the evening of May 30 the usual Ministerial dinners were given, and a reception at the Foreign Office.

The report adopted at the annual meeting of the Church of England Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association on June 2 contained a statement that it is proposed to press for an Act of Parliament to forbid the use of strong coffins, brick graves, and everything that tended to retard the dissolution of the body.

The German Emperor will be accompanied to England by the Empress. They are to land at Port Victoria, near Sheerness, on the afternoon of July 4, where they will be received by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Emperor and Empress then proceed to Windsor, where they are to be the guests of the Queen until July 9, when they come to Buckingham Palace. A visit to the City and the State ball at Buckingham Palace will occupy July 10, and the Emperor will rejoin his yacht at Portsmouth on July 15.

The results of three more bye-elections are now before the public. In North Bucks, the Liberal candidate, Mr. H. S. Leon, has been returned by a majority of 381 over his Conservative opponent, Mr. Evelyn Hubbard; Captain Verney's majority in 1889 having been 201. In 1886 the constituency returned a Conservative. In Paisley, the seat vacant on account of Mr. Barbour's death, a Liberal also succeeds a Liberal, Mr. Dunn having secured election by 1338 votes, being an increase of 772 on Mr. Barbour's majority in 1886. On the other hand, in West Derbyshire, the Liberals have not ventured to oppose the return of Mr. Victor Cavendish for the seat held by his late father, Lord Edward Cavendish.

Mr. Goschen, speaking at a Primrose League gathering at St James's Hall on May 29, justified the action of the Government in proposing Free Education by asserting that, if the question were left to their opponents, the voluntary schools would be doomed. He begged Conservatives not to be discouraged by the results of some recent elections, pointing out that in the last eleven elections more electors had voted for the Government than for their opponents.

The strike of West End tailors is over for the time, the masters having agreed to the men's demands for workshops and the abolition of labour partnerships, so that one man may be engaged on one garment. The question of the "log," or price list, will be considered by masters and men together, the men asking for a considerable advance on the old rates and a classification of the shops according to their payments to the workers. The East End tailors have now struck for the abolition of middlemen—i.e., the small, mostly Jewish, "sweaters" who control small shops, many of them foul dens, containing from ten to twenty-five workers, and who are themselves skilled labourers at their business. A third strike is threatened by the employés of the London General Omnibus Company, who are introducing the ticket system on their cars, greatly to the resentment of the men.

Sir John Lubbock, following Lord Rosebery's example, has given the annual review of the work of the London County Council, the last that will appear before the election of a new body. The chief feature in the statement is that the County Council rate is only a fraction of a farthing higher than that of the Board of Works. In regard to debt, the Council has added to the capital amount about a quarter of a million, but there is some further outlay in prospect. Thus, London may have to spend ten millions in furnishing a fresh water supply, or forty millions in buying out the water companies, two and a half millions in drainage, and a million on the Blackwall Tunnel. On the housing of the poor it appears that the Council have spent over a million and a half, and housed about 30,000 people, the transactions resulting in a loss. Two hundred and seventy insanitary areas are down for consideration, the Bethnal Green improvement having cost £300,000.



## THE ROYAL FAMILY.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

It is reported that immediately after a recent happy event a grave question arose for settlement by the Queen and her Councilors; the question being, What should be the titular distinction of the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Fife? It would be remarkable if all such details were not debated and appointed before the Princess's marriage; not because of any peculiarity in this case, but because it is the custom when similar contracts are made to settle all such particulars beforehand. That, however, is a matter of no importance. At some time the question had to be settled, and, according to report, it has been disposed of in the most natural and judicious way. Whatever the opinion of heralds and lawyers, the daughter of the Duke of Fife is not to rank above her father.

The flutter of rumour which the settlement of this point occasioned must have raised a good deal of speculation in many minds, and most of all in those which have reasoned themselves into a conviction that the stability of monarchy is for us stability of empire. Of course it is possible for the empire to break down—as one day it will in the natural order of things—with a sovereign prince at the head of it; but what I mean is that, as the empire now stands, and still more as it is likely to stand ten, twenty, thirty years hence, the subversion of monarchical rule, under its present conditions, would be precipitately ruinous. And that opinion is more common than commonly expressed. I think. It is largely implied in the desire for "Imperial Federation," which no one, either at home or in the Colonies, has ever centred upon the authority of a President, or believes could rest upon any similar foundation. But if we agree that subversion of the monarchical system in its present limitations would be disastrous, bringing upon the whole empire a multiplication of the evils which some foresee from the separation of Ireland from England, we must agree in anxiety to avert everything that might disturb its stability.

Now, it may be safe to say, and that without offence, that no disturbance of the monarchical system in this land is probable unless it proceeds in some way from the royal family itself. Of hopes and fears for the future of Great Britain there are many; but none seem to me more baseless than the apprehension—(not a very common one, to be sure)—that the monarchy will be weakened when the beneficent reign of her Majesty comes to an end. When it does come to an end, millions and millions of people who are no courtiers, either by fortune or temper, will mourn as if there could be no such reign ever again. But there is nothing in a sorrow like that to weaken the monarchy: what there is in it is something that will silence the handful who, in stalking mysterious phrase, talk about what will happen when the Queen has a successor. Yet much may depend upon the succession, either at a first or second step; which is a great matter for the royal family itself to consider. To be plain, the birth of the Duke of Fife's daughter has again brought up the fact that, though there are more than one or two lives between the Duchess and the throne, no extreme improbability forbids the supposition that she may attain to it—she or her child. When Sir William Beechey painted the portrait of Princess Victoria, the distance between the Duke of Kent's little daughter and the throne was as great or greater; which is saying enough on that delicate point. But it is possible to be too delicate on this subject; wherefore I allow myself to say further that the accession of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife, or of any child of the Duke of Fife, is not to be thought of without misgiving. If it could happen to-day it would not be well, apart from all antecedent misfortune; and that everyone must feel who interrogates his own mind on the subject. Even to-day the prestige of the Crown would be injured; and, considering the rapid advance of democratic sentiment and authority, there is little likelihood that ten or twenty years hence a Fife succession would be more acceptable than at this moment. Now, there is but one way of bettering this state of things—namely, by the marriage of one of the Prince of Wales's sons. Of course, there may be difficulties about that of which we know nothing, besides some of which we do know. Above all, there is the money difficulty; adequate votes from the House of Commons; apprehension that a popular outcry might be got up against the establishment of another royal household; alarm at increasing the number of an already numerous royal family. Nothing can be more easily understood. The last consideration is of itself one that no thoughtful mind can make light of; for, beyond all questions of provision, status, and so forth—beyond the cheapening of royalty by the dispersal through society of many collateral princes and princesses—there is the fact that the more numerous a family the more likely is the production of some individual "black sheep." (I hope I am not taking liberties, but this is a matter of profound national importance.) That consequence is unavoidable; and as time goes on the Throne as an institution will be less and less able to endure such scandals as were brought upon it in bygone generations. The truth is, in fact, that a variety of troublesome considerations arise out of a state of things which England has had no experience of hitherto, except for a brief period; and a numerous royal family was of much less concern to practical statesmanship at the beginning of this century than it is likely to be at the beginning of the next. There is a great store of loyalty in England, and plenty of common-sense therewith. The first has been increased and consolidated throughout the long, long reign of the Queen; and the other will not be easily tempted to try Republican experiments on a form of government which is, beyond doubt, the freest and most flexibly democratic in the world. But, while we may be pretty sure of that, it is the opinion of nearly all political observers that a period of social disturbance is not far distant. It need not be a period of violent disturbance. It is far less likely to take that character if the Throne is firmly maintained as a centre of stability; and therefore it becomes a matter of profound importance that the royal family should conspire to guard against every accident, near or remote, which might be provocative of popular discontent or lowering to the dignity of the Crown. No circumspection can be too wide or too minute, no care excessive; and we have seen that possibilities of weakness lie at a distance which cannot be called extraordinary.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE BACCARAT SCANDAL.

The sensation of the week has been the action brought by Sir William Gordon-Cumming against five defendants—Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Mr. A. S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Lycett Green, and Mr. Berkeley Levett—who accused him of cheating at baccarat, at the house of Mr. Wilson at Tranby Croft, in September of last year. The trial took place before the Lord Chief Justice, and a chief feature of it has been the attendance of the Prince of Wales on the bench and his evidence on the second day. The court has throughout worn the air of a theatre rather than of a court of justice, the bench and both the galleries being filled with ladies, who used their opera-glasses with freedom to discover the notabilities in court, and to watch Sir William Gordon-Cumming under examination and cross-examination. There was a brilliant array of counsel, Sir Edward Clarke, with Mr. C. F. Gill as his junior, conducting the case for Sir William Gordon-Cumming, and Sir Charles Russell, with Mr. Asquith, acting for the defendants, the Attorney-General having withdrawn from the case. The Solicitor-General made a speech of singular power and skill on behalf of his client, the point of which was the defence that Sir William, who is accused of the trick known as *la poussette*—by which a player at baccarat increases his stake after he sees that the cards are in his favour or the coup has been declared—had simply been playing on a "system" of backing a winning coup, and increasing his stake after the declaration of the cards. This theory Sir William supported in the witness-box with great steadiness, and though his cross-examination was most severe, he maintained that on no occasion had he wrongfully increased his stake. There were moments of great dramatic interest during the encounters between



"I had lost my head, Sir Charles, or I should never have signed that paper."

SIR WILLIAM GORDON-CUMMING.

the counsel and the witness, Sir Charles insisting that the latter had pushed additional counters on to his stake from under his hands, which he held folded on the table, and the witness steadily refusing to make any such admission. Then the cross-examiner shifted to the signature of the incriminating document. Sir William's explanation was, in effect, that he was hopeless of convincing the public of his innocence against five accusers, and that he desired, for his own sake and that of others, to avoid a horrible scandal. The Prince of Wales stepped into the box and was sworn in the ordinary way on the morning of the second day, Sir Edward Clarke addressing him as "Sir" and "Your Royal Highness," and Sir Charles Russell doing the same. The Prince gave his evidence with much frankness, but it was largely of a formal character. The Prince, however, said that at the time when, as banker, he questioned Sir William Gordon-Cumming on the largeness of his winnings, he did not think that he had been cheating; but he added, in cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell, that in advising Sir William Gordon-Cumming to sign the document he considered he had been acting most leniently. As the Prince was leaving the witness-box, an amusing incident occurred. A jurymen arose from the back of the jury-box, and, with naïf frankness, put the two important questions whether the Prince had ever seen Sir William cheating, and whether he believed him to be guilty; the Prince answering to the first that the banker would not be in a position to see foul play, and that among friends it would not be expected, and to the second that Sir William's accusers being so unanimous, he could not but believe them. And having elicited these very important facts, the little jurymen sat down, and the Prince stepped out of the box with a smile and a bow. The Prince's evidence was followed by that of General Owen Williams, who, with Lord Coventry, drew up the document signed by the plaintiff. General Williams made the two statements that he believed Sir William guilty, and that the Prince had objected to his placing his hands on the table in such a way that the counters could not properly be seen. In the course of the evidence, it came out that the stakes played for on the evenings of the 8th and 9th were not large, but that Sir William won in all £225, which was paid him by cheque, and which he retained. Among those present in court were Lady Coleridge, who sat next to the Lord Chief Justice, and her sister; Lady Clarke, Mrs. H. M. Stanley, who made a number of sketches in court; Lady Tenterden, Lady Russell, Lady Yarborough, Lord Coventry, and many other well-known people.

## THE RECENT CONFLICT IN MANIPUR.

We are still receiving, after the complete suppression of resistance to British authority in Manipur and the capture of the Jubraj and the Senaputty, a few belated illustrations of the earlier incidents of the outbreak, sent by correspondents at different places on the frontiers of the adjacent provinces, Assam, Silchar, and Upper Burmah, who witnessed those scenes at the end of March or in the following weeks. Lieutenant H. W. G. Cole, in command of the Goorkha troops forming the Cachar Military Police, contributes a sketch of the fighting in the Kanpum valley, forty miles west of the town of Manipur, on the road to Silchar, when the remnant of the Manipur Residency garrison, and the survivors of Mr. Quinton's Goorkha escort, under Captain Boileau, having been compelled by want of ammunition to abandon the post they had so bravely defended on March 24 and March 25, were obliged to retreat. They were repeatedly assailed by large numbers of the enemy, collected on the crests of the surrounding hills, but these were dislodged by skilful tactics, and were driven, with some loss, into the neighbouring jungles. Farther on the road, Captain Boileau was met by Captain Cowley, with two hundred men of the 43rd Goorkhas, making up a sufficient force to repel every such attack, and the whole party, with Mrs. Grimwood and one or two other survivors of the tragedy at Manipur, arrived in safety at Silchar.

## AUSTRALIAN VOLUNTEERS IN LONDON.

One of the chief attractions of the Royal Military Tournament, opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on May 26, has been the presence of a detachment of the Victoria Mounted Rifle Volunteer Corps, from Melbourne, whose organisation, with that of the other Colonial Volunteer Corps, was particularly described in this Journal a few months ago. This detachment, with leave of absence granted by the Government of the Colony of Victoria, to visit and join in the Royal Military Tournament in London, has come to England under the command of Colonel Tom Price, Captain McLeish, and Lieutenant Bon, the senior officers. They have mounts from the stables of the 14th Hussars; but the horses trained to the work of light cavalry are very different from the horses trained for the mounted infantry. The Australian Volunteers are all fine, soldierly looking young men. The uniform is of a dark brown; the equipment is chosen for service, not for display, and has a genuine colonial aspect, especially as regards the head covering—a broad, soft felt. They carry their own baggage. After a file have searched the front, jumping the bushes in a light and easy style, "all's clear" is reported, a sentry is posted, and the squad pile arms, hobble their horses, pitch their tents, light a fire, boil their "billy," and cook their "damper." Shots are fired upon the advance party, who quickly break up and pack their camp, mount, and act as skirmishers in searching the strength of the enemy; and one admired the quickness with which the men were out of the saddle and mounted again, and their agility in jumping the hurdles. Their performance was warmly cheered.

## FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

Notwithstanding a recent vote in the New South Wales Legislative Assembly which seems to betoken the rather precarious position of Sir Henry Parkes's Ministry, the reception, in the several Australian colonies, of the main outline of the Federation scheme appears to promise a final ratification. Some interest should be felt in those colonists who took part in the deliberations at Sydney.

New South Wales, as the oldest of the Australian Colonies, was fully entitled to precedence; and her Prime Minister, Sir Henry Parkes, G.C.M.G., is a man whose public career of nearly forty years has exhibited intellectual force and practical dexterity which in any country would have gained him a commanding place. He was born in England, in Warwickshire, on May 27, 1815; emigrated in 1839, and practised the industry of a wood and ivory turner at Sydney; but soon took to politics, associating himself with the Rev. Dr. Lang and Mr. Robert Lowe (now Lord Sherbrooke); established the *Sydney Empire* newspaper; was first elected to the Assembly in 1854, and has ever since been a leading member of Parliament, holding office repeatedly as Colonial Secretary, and as Premier, altogether during eleven years.

The Hon. James Munro, Prime Minister of Victoria, is a native of Scotland, born in 1832, and was formerly a printer. He has greatly exerted himself at Melbourne in the temperance cause, and in the successful management of banks and building societies, as well as in democratic politics, having much influence with the working classes of that city.

Queensland, the colony next in population and commercial importance on the mainland of Australia, is represented by Sir Samuel Griffith, a Welshman, born in 1845, son of a Congregational minister, educated at Sydney, where he took University honours, and a successful practising lawyer. He has been a member of the Queensland Parliament since 1872, has been Attorney-General, Minister of Education, and is now Chief Secretary in the Administration of Sir T. M'Ilwraith.

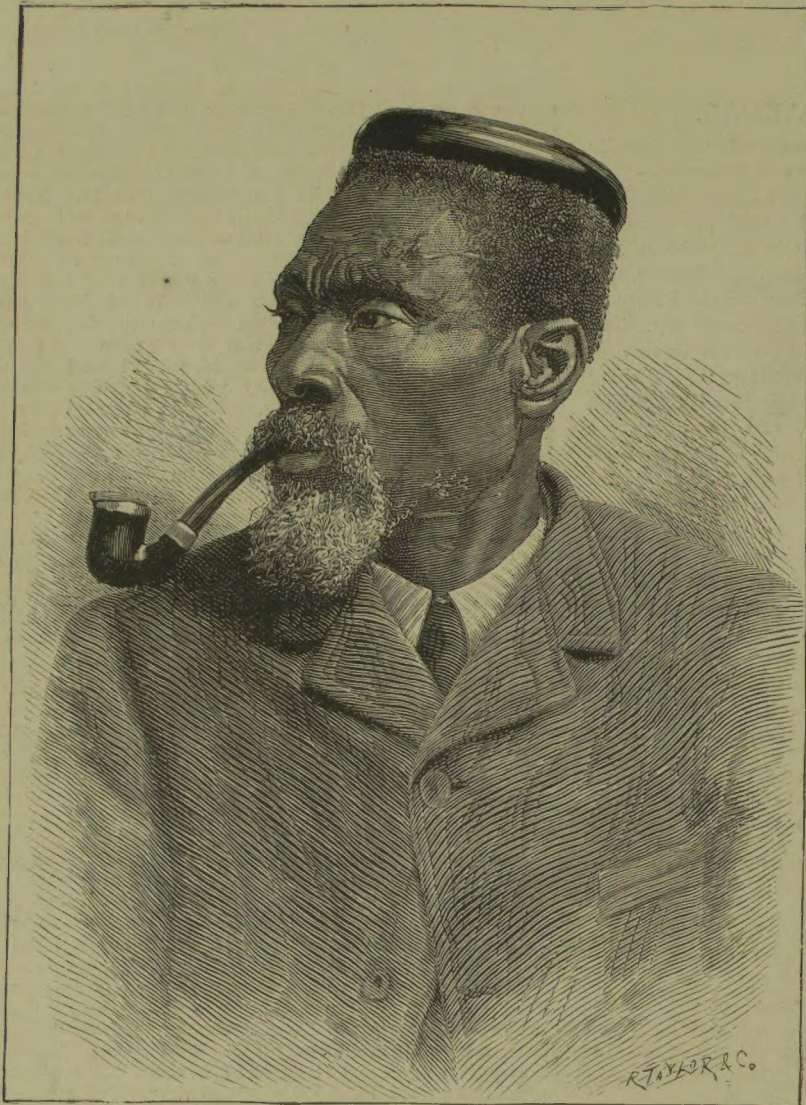
The Prime Minister of South Australia (Adelaide, the capital) is the Hon. T. Playford, who is a Londoner by birth, in his fifty-third year, and is also the son of a Dissenting minister. He has been twenty-one years a member of the Legislative Assembly, has held office as Minister of Crown Lands, and from 1887 to June 1889 as Premier, which power he regained last year.

The island colony of Tasmania is represented also by its Premier, the Hon. Philip Oakley Fysh, who was born in London in 1835, and is a merchant, with some reputation for skill in finance. The Hon. John Forrest, Premier of West Australia, was long employed in the Government Survey Department, and is one of the most notable explorers of Australian geography, in which his brother Alexander has been an efficient helper. These brothers are of Australian birth.

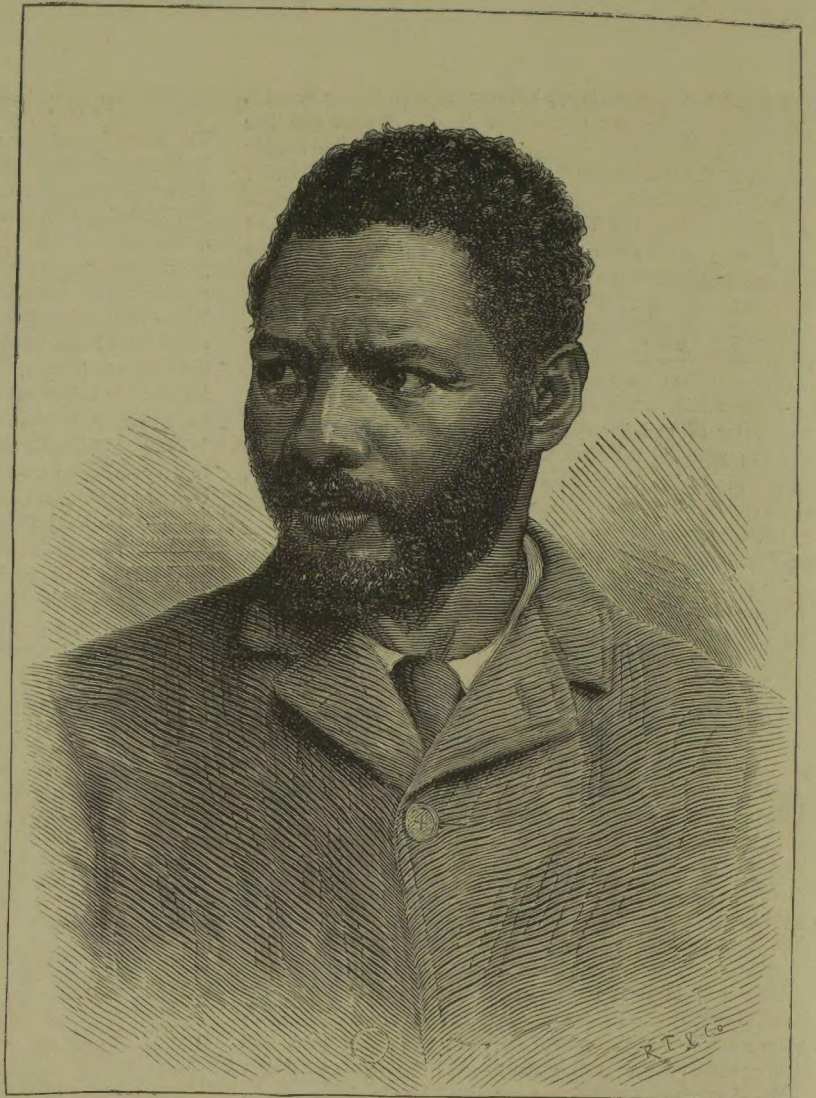
## RUSSIAN CONVICT PRISONERS IN SIBERIA.

The letters of our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, written during his sojourn at the Siberian towns of Yeniseisk and Krasnoiarisk, have already described, with particular minuteness of detail, the treatment of convict prisoners—not political exiles but ordinary criminals—sent to undergo penal servitude in those remote provinces of the Empire. He sketched the official examination, at the Peralinsky or Dépôt of Prisoners, at Krasnoiarisk, of each criminal prisoner belonging to a gang which had just arrived, on their way to the mines or to the more distant convict prisons. This man brought up to the inspecting officer's table, where he is personally compared with the written description and the photograph in the officer's hand, is wearing the same dress and the leg-chains that he has worn during a slow march of some hundreds of miles; he carries a bag in which he has a change of linen and other necessities; and it will be observed that, in his case specially, half the head, with the opposite half-side of the face, has been shaved to mark him as a prisoner who has attempted to escape.





HULUNMATO, SOMETIMES CALLED HULUHULU.



UMFETINTENI.

EMISSARIES IN LONDON FROM THE AFRICAN KING GUNGUNHANA.

#### THE ENVOYS OF GUNGUNHANA.

The political geography of that region, south of the Lower Zambesi, where the claims of the British South Africa Company, already in possession of Mashonaland, are hard to reconcile with Portuguese territorial pretensions derived from an ancient dominion of the eastern sea-coast, is still not precisely defined. There can be no question that the river Pungwe, the only convenient maritime approach to Manicaland and Mashonaland, rightfully belongs to Portugal, but its free navigation may be a subject of amicable arrangement.

At present, however, the matter of urgent dispute seems rather to be the protectorate of Gazaland, whose native ruler, King Gungunhana, has repudiated the Portuguese overtures, denying an alleged former treaty or contract in their favour, and now declares his wish to come under the suzerainty of the British Government. With this view, he has sent to England two special envoys, named Hulunmato and Umfetinteni, who are Indunas, nobles and State officials of high rank, accompanied by Mr. Dennis Doyle, formerly of Natal, an agent of the British South Africa Company. Since their arrival in London, at their lodgings or hotel in Berners Street,

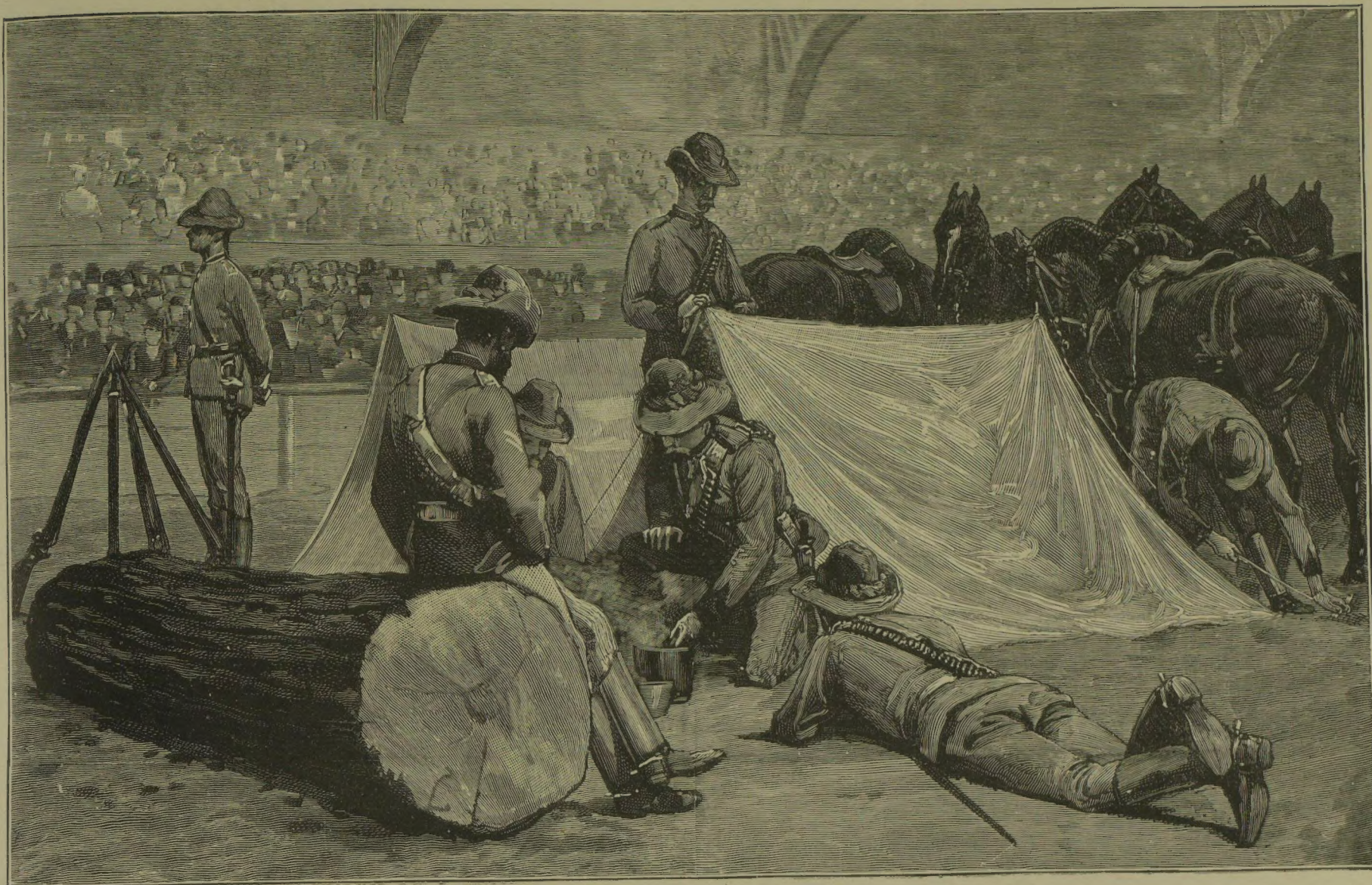
the elder of these two African visitors, Hulunmato, sometimes called Huluhulu, being a man over sixty years of age, has suffered from our chilly English climate, and was some time laid up with bronchitis. They are of a race nearly akin to the Zulus and the Matabele, decidedly intelligent, and eloquent in their own language. We give their Portraits, from photographs by Messrs. J. Russell and Sons, of Baker Street. The circlet or diadem of thick hair, stiffened with a gummy composition, around the crown of the head, is similar to that prescribed by Zulu custom for persons of a certain rank and age.



H.P. JACKSON

MANIPUR PRISONERS CAPTURED AT PALEL.





PITCHING THE CAMP.



DEFENDING THE CAMP.

THE VICTORIA RIFLE VOLUNTEERS, FROM MELBOURNE, AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT, ISLINGTON.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

The treatment of the Jews in Russia has been the chief topic of interest in most European capitals for the last few weeks, and the question is one which has to be considered by all the States of Europe, in view of a possible immigration of a great number of Russian Jews. It is not to be supposed that the five millions of Jews in Russia can be induced to leave their country *en masse*; that would be an impossibility; but it is very likely that in a short time thousands of them will find their way to Austria, Germany, and England, and that the arrival of a large number of them may have a disturbing effect on the labour market. Under the circumstances, the plan of Baron Hirsch for bettering the lot of the Jews of Russia deserves to be carefully studied. According to a conversation which the Baron is reported to have had with the representative of a news agency, the principle of the expulsion of the Jews has been irrevocably adopted by the Government of the Czar, and their expulsion may be regarded as an accomplished fact. The question, therefore, is, What can be done to alleviate their sufferings? To this Baron Hirsch replies that there are two ways of attaining the end in view. The first is, to acquaint the Czar with the true state of things, the cruel treatment extended to the Jews in his empire, and the insufferable wrongs inflicted upon them by arbitrary officials; for there is no doubt, in Baron Hirsch's mind, that if the Emperor of Russia were made acquainted with all that is going on, he, as a humane sovereign, would put a stop to many, if not all, abuses. The

Much has been made in various papers of another carriage accident to the German Emperor, and exaggerated accounts were telegraphed all over Europe of what was simply a slight collision between the carriage in which the Emperor and Empress were driving and an omnibus.

At Potsdam, during the week, the German Emperor held his annual grand spring review of the guards garrisoning Berlin and Spandau. The review was followed by a lunch, at which were present the British Ambassador and Lady Ermyntude Malet. In honour of the Queen's birthday, which was celebrated on May 30, the Emperor wore the uniform of an admiral.

The Colonial Council of Experts, which met on June 1, has had to consider the question of promoting cotton-growing in German colonies, and the principle which is to regulate the granting of concessions to new companies in South-West Africa. This latter point is of considerable interest to British capitalists who are interested in the development of Damara-land and Namaqualand.

The French Chamber of Deputies has agreed to a Bill empowering the Minister of War to lay in a stock of bread-stuffs, sufficient to last two months, for the civil population of fortified towns in case of a siege. The expense of providing the requisite quantity of flour and wheat is estimated at forty-three millions of francs, of which twenty-seven millions are for Paris.

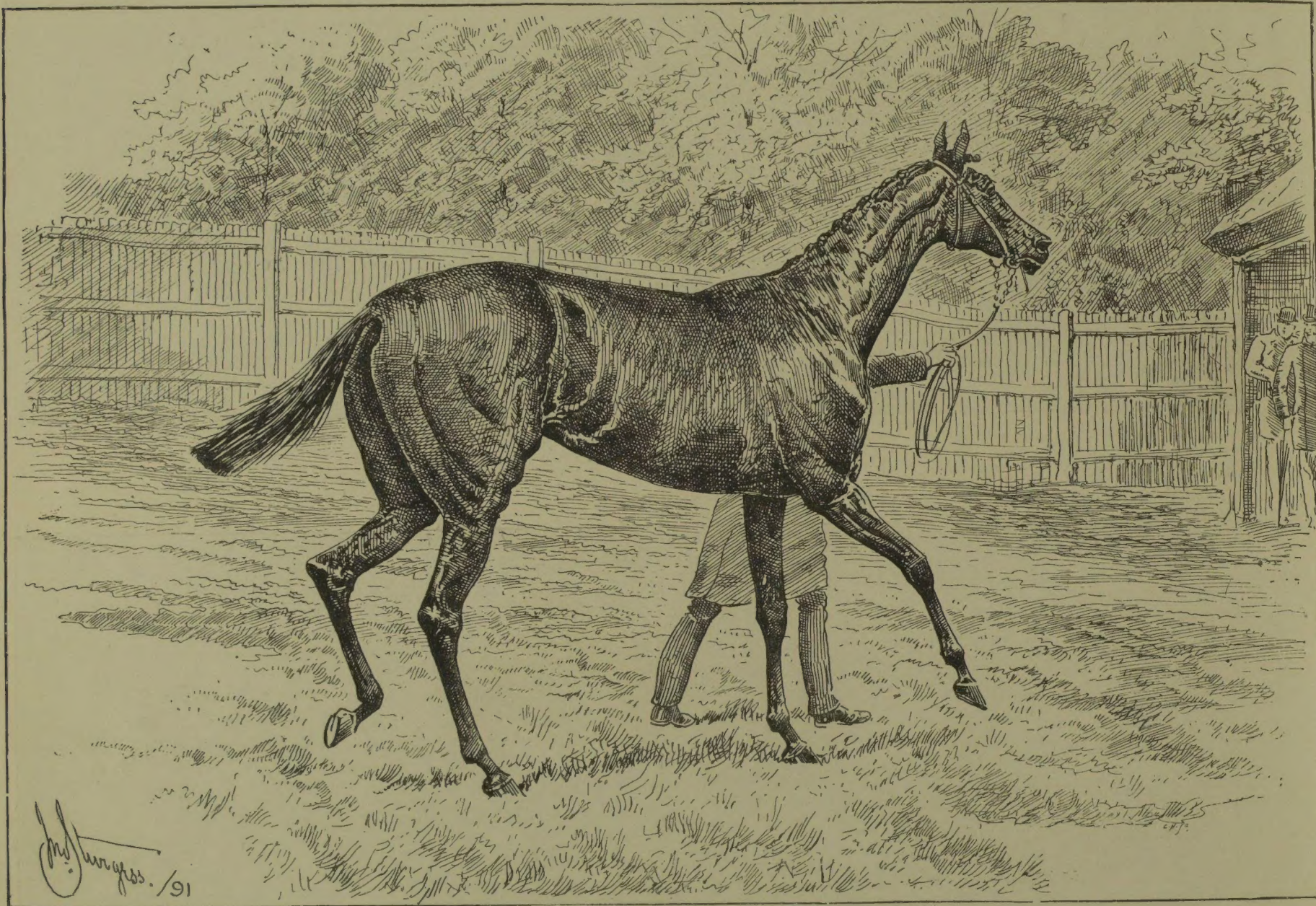
Considerable amusement, rather than sensation, has been

## THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

The race for the Derby Stakes, at Epsom, on Wednesday, May 27, was won by Sir Frederick Johnstone's brown colt named Common—which is not a common name for a horse—ridden by George Barrett, coming in two lengths ahead of Gouverneur. Common, bred in Dorsetshire by Lord Alington and his present owner, is the offspring of Isonomy, his dam being Thistle. He had never run until he won the Two Thousand Guineas just a month before the Derby; but he has plenty of valuable engagements in the future, the first being the Grand Prix de Paris; while he is also entered for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, and the Doncaster St. Leger. We shall therefore hear of Common again.

## A POPULAR ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

An almost proverbial humorous saying of our "Great Lexicographer," a true word spoken in jest by Dr. Johnson in the last century, might thus be seriously parodied: "If a nation will not take care of its own language, what will it take care of at all?" In this respect, at least, those who write, read, and speak the proper modern English of the country which is called England should be Liberal-Conservatives to the last man or woman; and we have commended, of late years, the loyal diligence of eminent philologists, and the enterprise of great British publishers, in furnishing authentic dictionaries, the ripe fruits of immense literary research and of a scientific



COMMON, WINNER OF THE DERBY.

second means which Baron Hirsch contemplates is to organise, in a methodical and practical manner, the expatriation of Jews from Russia. He estimates that it would take twenty years for the five millions of Jews to leave Russia, a certain fixed number emigrating every year. If such a plan were adopted, it might easily be carried out with the help of the Jews who are living in other countries, provided the Czar agreed to it, and took means to prevent the Jews in his empire from being molested until the time of their departure.

This plan seems fair and practical enough, but the difficulty is to reach the ear of the Czar. That this is a most difficult element in the problem is evident to all who remember the unsuccessful attempt of the Mansion House Committee to place under the eyes of the Czar the resolution adopted at a meeting held in the City of London some months ago, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. With this precedent in view, it is difficult to have much confidence in the first means of Baron Hirsch for the alleviation of the sufferings of his Russian co-religionists, and emigration to some other country seems to be the most feasible plan. In the meantime, the persecution of the Jews goes on apace. All foreign Jews are expelled from Southern Russia, and are seeking refuge in Turkey (of all places in the world!), and army doctors have been placed between the alternatives of joining the orthodox Greek religion or of resigning their posts.

After some delays, due to various causes, into which it is not necessary to inquire too closely, the Czar and Czarina have gone to Moscow, and on May 30 visited the French Exhibition in that city. It is said that there is a scheme for transferring the seat of government from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and to make the last-mentioned city the capital of the Russian Empire.

From Japan it is announced that Tsuda Seuzo, the Japanese policeman who assaulted the Czarewitch at Otsu, near Kioto, has been tried and sentenced to penal servitude for life, the extreme penalty allowed by the law for an offence of this kind.

produced in the French capital by the article in the *Contemporary Review* on Italy and France by "An Italian Statesman," said to be Signor Crispi. The improbability of the statements contained in the article is strongly insisted upon, particularly as regards the plot to kidnap the Pope and carry him off to France, which, besides, is contradicted by the *Paris Temps* on the authority of a high official at the Vatican.

It is premature, no doubt, to say that the Triple Alliance has been renewed, but it is clear that Italy has decided to adhere to it when the time for renewal comes. The object of the Italian Government in waiting till the last moment before making its intentions known is to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of France by what might seem an undue haste on the part of the new Ministry in rushing in the footsteps of its predecessor, although from the first there never was any intention on the part of the Marquis di Rudini to alter the policy of Italy in respect to its alliance with Germany and Austria.

Turkish brigands are certainly most enterprising. Not satisfied with waylaying unwary tourists, they stop railway trains, take the passengers prisoners, and detain them until a ransom has been paid for their liberation. On May 31 an express train was thrown off the line about sixty miles from Constantinople, and boarded by brigands whose leader is reported to be one Anastasius, a Greek. Having stripped the travellers of all their valuables, the banditti carried off five prisoners to the mountains, and, having reached a place of safety, dispatched one of them to Constantinople to raise a ransom of £8000. The released prisoner is a German subject, who at once went to the German Ambassador, Herr von Radowitz, who has received from Berlin the necessary permission to advance the money to procure the release of the prisoners. In the meantime, the German Government reserve the right of claiming compensation from the Turkish Government.

etymology unknown in Dr. Johnson's time. And with all our appreciation of American authors, the best of whom, in point of style, were nowise inferior to the best prose writers in England about the middle of the nineteenth century, we could not long ignore the inevitable divergency of custom in printed literature, with regard to spelling, punctuation, and some idiomatic usages of the one great living language used by the two great nations in common. This may for some time be rather aggravated by the restrictive clauses of the American Copyright Act.

Messrs. Cassell and Co., "of London, Paris, and Melbourne," and more familiarly known to us, during many years past, as of La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, have patriotically supplied their fellow-countrymen, including the ten millions of English-speaking folk in the British Colonies and India, with a compact English Dictionary, in one volume of 1100 pages, at the modest price of 7s. 6d., which cannot easily be superseded. It is the work of Mr. John Williams, M.A., editor of the "Encyclopædic Dictionary," which has gained high approval as a monument of accurate scholarship, and upon which this popular manual of our language is based. More than a hundred thousand words and phrases are actually defined, giving first, in strong black type, the primary form, and its simple meaning; afterwards, its different technical, figurative, or colloquial meanings, and the compounds and phrases in which these occur, marking off those of an archaic and obsolete character, and distinguishing Americanisms, provincialisms, and slang expressions. This is just what was wanted for ordinary use; but the student is enabled to refer to the "Encyclopædic Dictionary" for precise etymological derivations, and the appendix contains several brief essays on the sources and the structure of the English language. The clearness of the typography, with the facility of finding the word required at one glance, is a great merit of this dictionary; the method of indicating pronunciation is consistent and serviceable, and the use of ingenious symbols is made to save a great deal of space.



## PERSONAL.

Sir George Stephen, one of the new peers, is essentially a self-made man. A Banffshire lad of humble origin, he went to Canada almost penniless; but, by dint of the qualities which have brought Scotsmen to the front rank in all parts of the globe, he soon became one of Montreal's merchant princes. His services to Canada and the empire in pushing through the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the face of odds which terrified wellnigh everyone else, were recognised, five years ago, by his creation as a baronet, while his colleague in the enterprise, Sir Donald Smith, was made a K.C.M.G. Since that time Sir George has become more and more interested in English life, and the fact that his adopted daughter is the wife of Sir Stafford Northcote has brought him into association with those who could appreciate his rare insight and his broad grasp of questions not generally within the mental sphere of successful colonists. These capacities, it is felt, may prove of great service to the country, and, though it is not in his nature to make any great show in his new position, we may expect that the influence of the new peer will be felt in an increasing and marked degree in the future business of the House of Lords.

Mr. Canliffe Lister, the other birthday peer, is a man of very considerable mark in his way. He was the chief founder of the great firm at Manningham which bears his name, and is a captain of industry of a singularly powerful type. He was the first to apply the wool-combing machine to the worsted industry, with results which realised a vast fortune for his firm. Another great industrial discovery was that of the utilisation of silk waste, which enabled him to produce fine velvet fabrics out of stuff which had formerly been thrown away as useless. Lord Lister has fine seats at Swinton and Jervaulx, both acquired by purchase, the latter from Lord Ailesbury. Lord Lister's total purchases in land amount to over a million sterling. He is a popular figure in Yorkshire, where his wealth, and a certain vigour and independence of character, have given him a place of his own. He is a Conservative, and has stood unsuccessfully for a Lancashire division.

Another recipient of birthday honours. Mr. Giffen, the head of the statistical department of the Board of Trade, is practically a statistician-in-chief to the United Kingdom. He has produced more calculations in regard to prices, currency, sugar bounties, imports and exports, wages, &c., than any living man. He is a Scotsman, a Lanarkshire man by birth, and served his apprenticeship to life in a solicitor's office; came to London, joined the staff of the *Globe* as sub-editor and contributor, helped Mr. John Morley to edit the *Fortnightly*, and was also assistant editor of the *Economist*, gradually building up a reputation as a specialist. He also wrote the finance article in the *Daily News*, and has been a voluminous contributor to the *Times*. He began his career at the Board of Trade in 1876, and has continued it, with the exception of a short interval, ever since. He is a strong Free Trader and monometallist, and is a Conservative on the majority of labour questions. Our Portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle and Young, of Regent Street.



MR. ROBERT GIFFEN, LL.D., C.B.

One of the most accomplished family circles of the generation is certainly that of the Simcoxes. In the brilliant early days of the *Academy*, W. H. Simcox, G. A. Simcox, and Edith Simcox (who wrote under the pseudonym "H. Lawrenny") were among the most frequent contributors. Mr. W. H. Simcox, who became a clergyman of the Church of England, and made valuable contributions to theological literature, died prematurely. Mr. G. A. Simcox's sympathies are with the High Church party. He is a frequent reviewer in the *Guardian*. Miss Simcox, who was one of Mr. Morley's favourite reviewers in the *Fortnightly*, is an agnostic. They have not had a success in literature corresponding to their brilliant qualities and attainments. Their style is too allusive for the multitude. They are always eminently suggestive, and Mr. Simcox specially so, when he suggests, in a review of Dean Church's posthumous book, that the Dean was never a High Churchman at all. "Nothing," he affirms, "of the original movement survives in a writer like Dean Church, beyond austere aspirations and a respect for history."

The next Evangelical bishop will probably be either Canon Fleming or Dr. Forrest. For reasons which need not be further indicated, Dr. Forrest will probably come first. He is one of the Queen's chaplains, and a decided favourite with her Majesty. The Queen requires that services conducted before her shall not exceed an hour, and that not more than twenty minutes shall be given to the sermons. When Dr. Forrest first preached in her presence he was very nervous. This was duly reported to the Queen, who said smilingly that he would not feel so embarrassed again. She knew that her approval would give him confidence.

For some little time past much wonderment has been excited by the decidedly enigmatical appellation of that small and select society known as "The Two Pins Club." A solution of the mystery has come at last, and the ingenious derivation of the name stands confessed. Although none of the members have anything in common, either with "gentlemen of the road" or "linendrapers bold," the godfathers of the club are Dick Turpin and John Gilpin—and hence "the two pins." The chief objects of the society are mutual enlightenment and agreeable exercise, to be accomplished by long equestrian expeditions into different parts of the country, taken on Sunday. Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. Linley Sambourne, and Mr. Harry Furniss are among the most prominent members of this interesting band of Sontag-Reiters.

Mrs. Alexander Hector, the author of "The Wooing o't," who is, perhaps, better known to the world as "Mrs. Alexander," has just completed another novel, which is to bear the name of "Mammon." Her first literary venture was an article entitled "A Stroll through Paris during the Exhibition of '55," which was published in the *Family Herald*. She then became a frequent contributor to *Household Words*, but with marriage came a long pause in her career as a writer, and it was not until her widowhood that she again turned her thoughts towards literature. "Which Shall it Be?" was her first novel, and its immediate successor, "The Wooing o't," her first palpable hit, since followed by many another. Mrs. Hector belongs to an old West of Ireland family, but was born and brought up in Dublin. She is the grandniece of

the Rev. Charles Wolfe, the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and possesses a liberal share of the charm and wit so especially delightful in an Irish gentlewoman, to which are added the attractions of a sweet voice and stately presence. She is something of a cosmopolitan, but has now settled down to live in a pleasant part of Maida Vale. Her oldest and most intimate friend is Mrs. Lynn Linton, but her circle is a large one, and she is much sought after socially. Mrs. Hector has three daughters, one of whom is the wife of an officer in the French Army; the youngest is a painter, and is studying her art in Paris; while the third remains with her mother.

General Sir William Wyllie, whose death is just announced, was one of the most distinguished officers of the late East India Company's service. Born in 1802, he sailed for India, with his brother-cadet, Sir James Outram, in 1819. Sir William first saw active service when only twenty years of age, in command of a detachment of native infantry sent against a rebel chief. On the formation of the Army of the Indus in 1833, under Lord Keane, for the invasion of Afghanistan, he was appointed Major of Brigade to the First Infantry Division, and was at the storming and capture of Guznee and the occupation of Cabul in 1839. At a later date, Sir William Wyllie served under Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, and was dangerously wounded at the battle of Meeanee. Our Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Byrne and Co., of Richmond.



THE LATE GENERAL WYLLIE, G.C.B.

The Rev. James Duncan, who has been appointed to a canonry of Canterbury with £1000 a year, has been for nearly twenty years secretary of the National Society, which looks after the education of children on Church principles, a position which he has filled with considerable ability. He is a Scotsman, and graduated at Aberdeen. He has not published any work, and has not, indeed, done any regular preaching since he left the curacy of Christ Church, Albany Street, to take charge of the National Society. He is an excellent organiser.

The remarkable coincidence between Miss Wilkins's "Humble Romance" and Mrs. Parr's story "Sally," published in a recent number of *Longman's Magazine*, has been brought under the notice of Miss Wilkins. Mrs. Parr explained that the story was founded on fact, and that she had never seen Miss Wilkins's version of it. Miss Wilkins replies that, as told by her, the story was purely a work of imagination; that there is something "uncanny" in her having dreamt a true tale; but that she cordially accepts Mrs. Parr's disclaimer of plagiarism, and relegates the whole incident to the class of inexplicable psychical facts that so often puzzle us.

The death of Mr. Alexander Marshall Peebles, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.I., on May 21, deprives the profession of architecture of a hard-working and successful member. Mr. Peebles was architect to the London Corporation, an office which he held since 1887; and some of his best work—which was of a solid character, boasting little ornamentation—was done for the Metropolitan Board of Works. He built the advertisement offices of the *Daily Chronicle*; the premises of Sir Henry Peek, in Eastcheap; and the great establishment of Mr. John Barker, at Kensington; as well as a very large number of City offices. He was trained by Lord Salisbury's architect, Mr. Thomas Smith; and was also assistant to the late Mr. Henry Baker.



THE LATE MR. A. M. PEEBLES.

The best-known politician among the list of those who have received the Queen's birthday honours is Sir Peter O'Brien, Chief Justice and ex-Attorney-General of Ireland, who becomes a knight. Sir Peter is one of the most familiar and characteristic figures at the Irish Bar. He is not a great lawyer, but he is one of the most dexterous of advocates. He was especially known in his barrister days for his management of juries, his command of a rude, forceful eloquence, and his ability as a cross-examiner. In the course of his career he came sharply in conflict with the Nationalist Party, and he is no favourite with them. Personally, he is popular with the Bar, his good temper, knowledge of the world, and humour being all-conspicuous.

The Van der Weyden who has just won a medal at the Salon at twenty-two years of age is a son of Mr. Van der Weyde, the well-known photographer. The young artist is grandson of Professor Van der Weyde, of New York, the President of the Electrical Society.

Captain Donald Macintyre is one of the men who have earned their laurels in the Manipur campaign. As soon as he heard of the disaster, he started with 150 police, and took a strongly garrisoned stockade, routing the Manipuris who held it, and cutting off their retreat. Captain Macintyre is in the 2nd Goorkhas, the splendid little regiment which is, curiously enough, associated with a brilliant exploit of his uncle, Major-General D. Macintyre, in the Looshai expedition. Captain Macintyre's father, Lieut.-General John Macintyre, was also a soldier of distinction, and his sister is Miss Macintyre, the charming representative of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe." Captain Macintyre's career as a soldier began in the 78th Highlanders. Some of his best work has been done on the frontier with his little corps of Naga police.



CAPTAIN MACINTYRE.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

What will the House do when it is led by a man who is not sanguine and bland? I shudder to think of the slough of despond into which we shall all be plunged when Mr. Smith is taken from us. Mr. Gladstone's health is watched with anxiety by his followers, who know how great a stake rests on the longevity of that wonderful veteran. But Mr. Smith begets a tender solicitude too. His ailments excite universal alarm. When he came back refreshed from the Cinque Ports, the whole House grew quite efflorescent. Members appeared with flowers in their buttonholes. "And every month is May when the heart is young," sang the Serjeant, whose tendency to melody is growing upon him. The weather might be spring-like, in a grimly ironical sense; but we all felt that, with Mr. Smith among us once more, we could treat every bitter blast as a genial zephyr. "When I look at Smith," observed the Serjeant on a particularly chilly afternoon, "I feel like Bob Cratchit warming himself at the candle." Marvellous is the stimulus to the imagination imparted by the presence of the First Lord of the Treasury! The public business is more hopelessly in arrear than usual. Supply is not even a speck on the horizon. The Land Purchase Bill still prompts the oratory of Mr. Sexton; while Mr. Justin McCarthy sits silent, and bashfully pulls his patriotic beard. The Free Education Bill, the Factories Bill, and a variety of unconsidered trifles, are still in the bill of fare. Yet up gets the sanguine *chef* on the Treasury Bench, and declares that the Parliamentary feast will be all over by the end of July. "He treats Free Education," said the Serjeant, "as if it were a soufflé that could be whipped off in no time; and as for Supply, it is mere cheese and crackers!" Nothing can be more serene than the confidence of the First Lord of the Parliamentary kitchen. The Land Purchase Bill has been an uncommonly tough joint to carve, yet he flourishes the dish-cover as if the meat had quite disappeared. As for rumours of differences of opinion among the Government cooks, and particularly the suggestion that Mr. Chamberlain regarded the Free Education Bill as still half raw, never were there more unfounded calumnies. "At the end of July, gentlemen, you shall depart to your homes to digest the wonderful dishes you have had the privilege to consume," said the indomitable Smith, and, such is the magical persuasion of the man, for the moment everybody believed him.

Now I ask, Who can ever hope to wield the wand of this champion optimist when he goes to another place? Who can make the House swallow the most child-like assurances with the gravest possible face? Who can keep us in that pleasant expectancy that everything will go right somehow if we will only keep our minds on the Cinque Ports and other spiritual comforts? I look along the Treasury Bench in vain for some promise of a man who will inspire in us that filial piety with which we regard Mr. Smith. They talk of Mr. Stanhope as a possible leader of the House, apparently because a Minister who has maintained for years that the British Army is a marvel of cheapness and efficiency, and that the War Office is the perfection of human intelligence, must have a well-developed bump of hopefulness. But this will never do. Mr. Stanhope is the type of the official who tries to make an inborn melancholy pass for jubilation. "If you had to account for the mysterious disappearance of Army Reserve men every year," he said to the Serjeant, "and the reluctance of recruits to take her Majesty's shilling and all the blessed privileges which follow in its train, you would not be wreathed in spontaneous smiles at a moment's notice." But it is just Mr. Smith's capacity for smiling at the most portentous difficulty with the most genuine cheeriness that endears him to our hearts. He is the symbol of romance to a sceptical generation. When, oh! when, shall we look upon his like again?

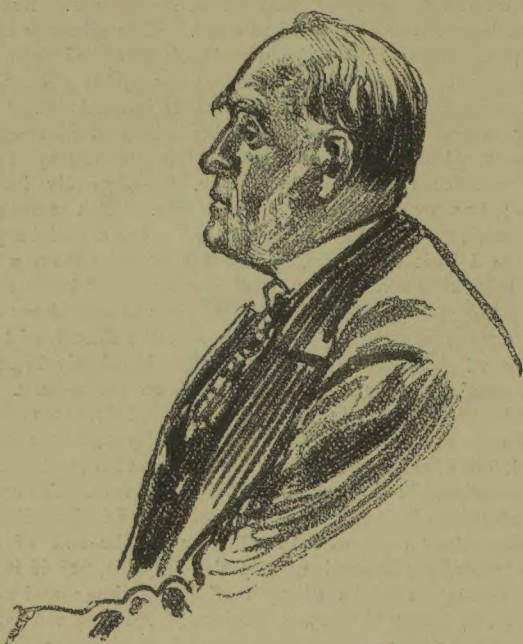
These mournful reflections were for awhile forgotten in the sudden harmony which was diffused through the House by the Behring Sea Fisheries Bill. There is always a fishery dispute with some Power or other. The odour of fried fish must be exceedingly powerful at the Foreign Office; but in the Behring Sea it is the seal fishery which is a source of trouble, and Lord Salisbury has performed the commendable feat of bringing matters to the point of arbitration. So Mr. Bryce glowed with mild enthusiasm over this achievement of the party opposite, who responded with the cheers of new-born friendship for the other side. I still have a soft heart for these displays of Parliamentary emotion. What can be more beautiful than the spectacle of the Opposition falling on the neck of the Government! They have abused one another individually and collectively for months. They have insinuated motives, and they have repelled aspersions with scorn. And all at once there is a holy calm, and Mr. Bryce sheds a radiance of benevolence on the opposite bench, like an apostle in a stained-glass window. "Splendid fellow, Bryce!" murmurs Mr. Goschen, wiping his eyes. "It is such a comfort to be blessed by an opponent when he is out of office, and can't do much mischief to his country's interests." But there is a slight discontent below the Opposition gangway. "What's the good of these fisheries, anyway?" says a political economist to the Serjeant. "Do seals supply food for the poor? Do they feed the impoverished citizens of my constituency? No, Sir; they furnish costly raiment for women who dwell in palaces! If seals were all extinguished, who would suffer? The poor artisan's wife, who is content with one cotton gown, or my lady, whose wardrobe, forsooth, must set two Christian nations by the ears, and threaten us with the horrors of war!" The Serjeant did not mention the name of the member who talked thus, but the style was not unlike the fiery oratory of Mr. Waddy.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who has been for seven days confined to his bed with influenza, is making decided progress towards recovery.

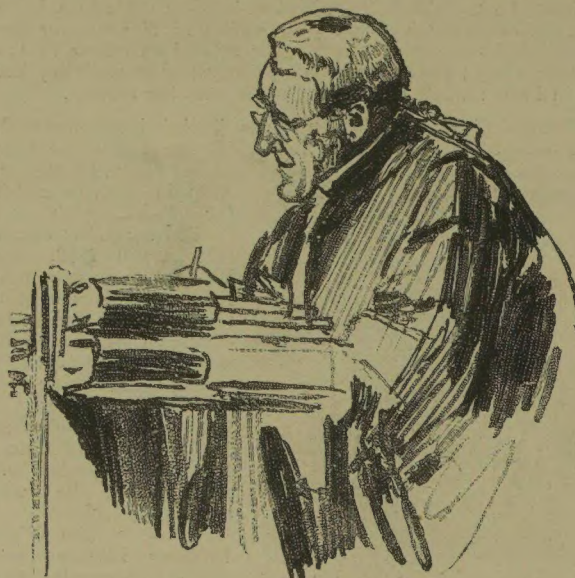
A rock suddenly struck a young German who was ascending Mont Salève, near Geneva, on May 31; and knocking him over a precipice, caused his instant death.



THE BACCARAT CASE: SKETCHES IN COURT.



THE EARL OF COVENTRY.



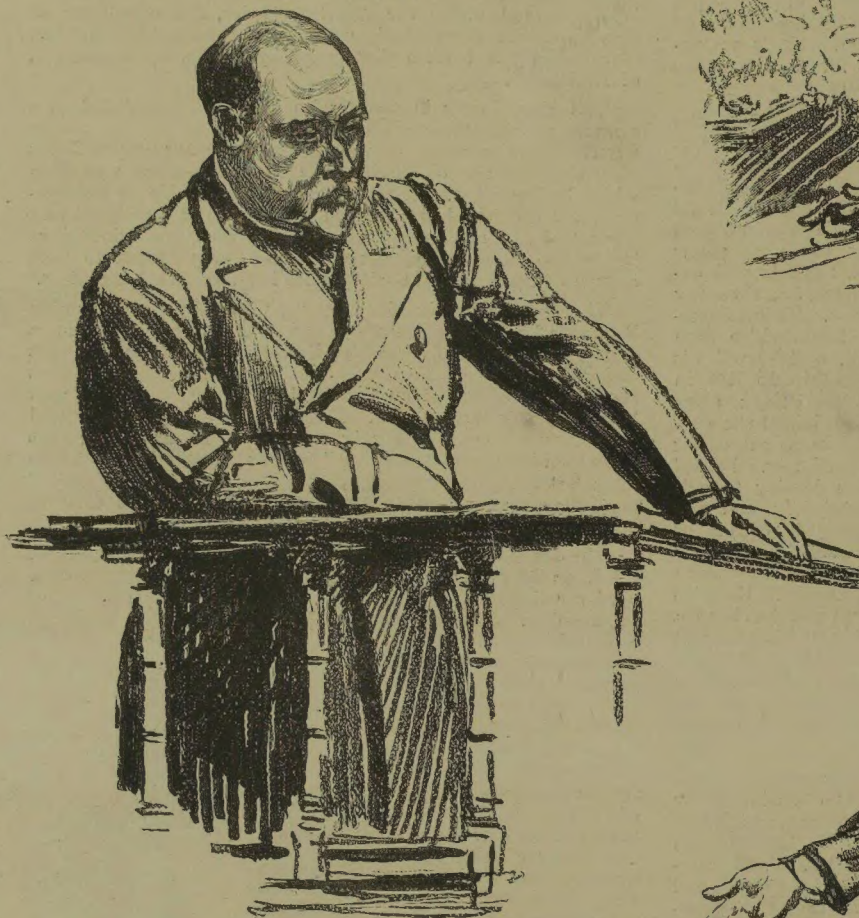
LORD COLERIDGE.



MRS. E. LYCETT GREEN.



MRS. ARTHUR WILSON.



*"The charges seemed so unanimous that there was no other course open but to believe them."*

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE WITNESS BOX.



SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.



THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL.



*"You knew that your own brother officer was one of the accusers. Did you ask to be confronted with him?"—"I asked to be confronted with nobody."*

SIR WILLIAM GORDON-CUMMING.



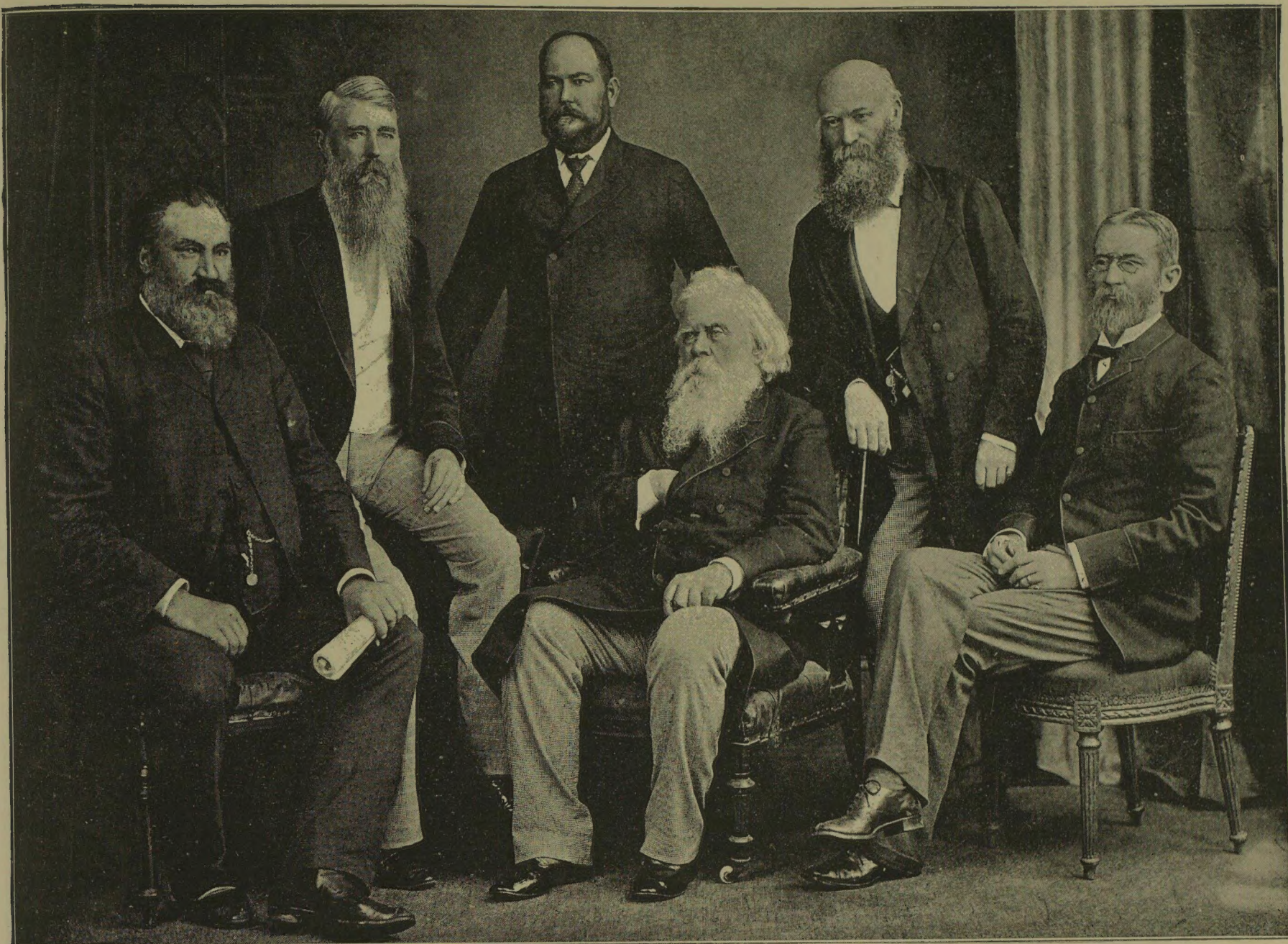
MR. E. LYCETT GREEN.



THE HON. PHILIP O. Fysh  
(Tasmania).

THE HON. JOHN FORREST  
(Western Australia).

THE HON. JAMES MUNRO  
(Victoria).

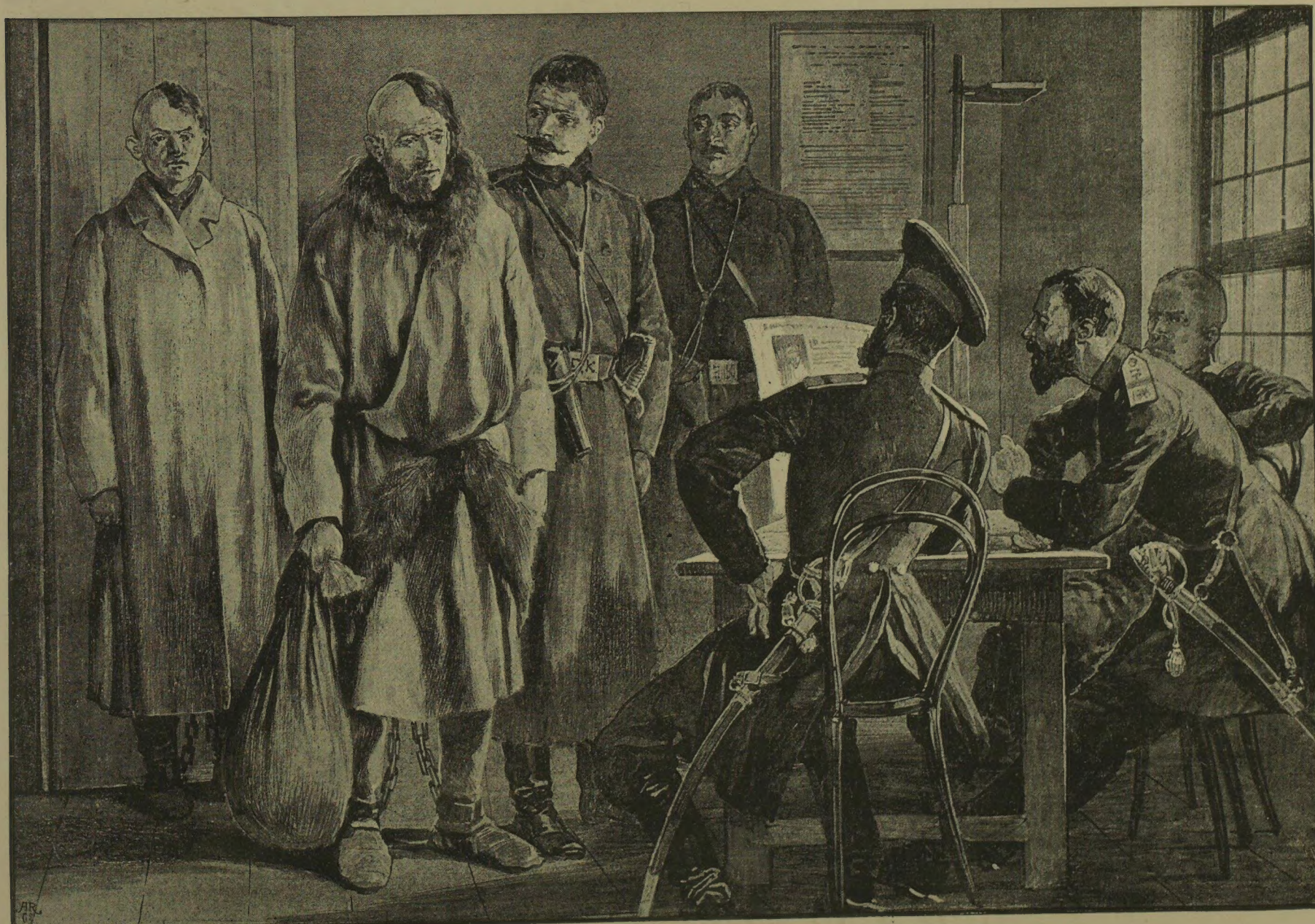


THE HON. THOMAS PLAYFORD  
(South Australia).

THE HON. SIR HENRY PARKES  
(New South Wales).

THE HON. SIR SAMUEL W. GRIFFITH  
(Queensland).

THE NATIONAL AUSTRALASIAN CONVENTION AT SYDNEY: A GROUP OF PRIME MINISTERS.



RUSSIAN CONVICT PRISONERS IN SIBERIA: OFFICIAL INSPECTION OF NEWLY ARRIVED CONVICTS AT THE PERASILNY, KRASNOIARSK.

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



## THE NEW GALLERY.

Mr. Alma Tadema's most important contribution to this exhibition was not finished or hung at the time of our first notice. It now occupies the place of honour in the first room. "Love in Idleness" is a theme on which, with slight variations, Mr. Tadema, on more than one occasion, has exercised his art. We have grown familiar with the graceful attitudes of his female models, and know by intuition what their surroundings will be. The marble terrace bestrewn with cushions and wild beasts' skins, the bronze and silver ornaments, the splashing fountain, and the deep blue sea as an horizon are "properties" which are becoming a trifle hackneyed in this great artist's hands. A picture such as this can possess no human interest; nor would the artist, we presume, have us believe that this scene recalls life in the days of Alcibiades or Peisistratus any more than the late Mr. E. Long's studies in Egyptology recall the life in the times of the Shepherd Kings. As a master of brushwork, there is probably no artist now living who excels Mr. Alma Tadema, and because our admiration for his talents is so great, we regret they should be turned in one direction. Students of archaeology do not frequent modern picture galleries to help them on their way to understand the Greek or Roman classics; while the almost mechanical repetitions of pictures of this sort will give future students of our art a limited idea of Mr. Alma Tadema's imaginative power. In no school of painting, not even in the Dutch, in its most imitative phase, has any artist who claimed to be a leader of his time carried the multiple reproducing process to such a pitch as shown by this Royal Academician. Brilliancy of colour, variety of texture, perfection of outline



"LOVE IN IDLENESS." BY L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.—(NEW GALLERY.)



"CROFTERS." BY T. GRAHAM.—(NEW GALLERY.)

are the inherent qualities of Mr. Tadema's work; and of these "Love in Idleness" gives the fullest proof.

Mrs. Alma Tadema is almost as devoted to the luxury of the Flemings of the fifteenth century as her husband is to that of the Greeks in their triumph and the Romans in their decline. She, however, by her love of children, revives more or less successfully the most pleasing side of mediæval life. But even here, in "Fireside Fancies," we find that costumes and furniture play a disproportionate part, and one cannot but feel the different uses which Reynolds, or a Hoppner, or even a Millais would have made of such opportunities as are offered by her quaint and truth-speaking models.

"Crofters," by Mr. T. Graham, carries us away to different scenes, and to a more truthful, though perhaps less picturesque, side of life. The scanty harvest of the miserable crofters of the West Highlands is won with even greater labour than by their Irish neighbours; but, although the life is hard for them, it offers excellent materials for the landscape-painter, and Mr. Graham, while employing a method somewhat too free for oil-painting, has caught with skill the beauties of the scene. The battered cottage, with its thatched roof, the poor soil which barely sustains a few potato plants, and a few heaps of half-dried kelp compose the crofter's holding; but beyond, the blue seas, backed by the purple islands, rich with heather and sunlight, are the painter's domain, of which Mr. T. Graham has dexterously availed himself.

The late Dr. Luard, Registry of the University of Cambridge, has left £2000 and his Porson manuscripts to "the Master, Fellows, and Scholars of Trinity College."

The Dean of Westminster presided at the fiftieth annual meeting of the London Library on May 28, when a resolution was proposed that Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Huxley, Mr. St. George Mivart, Mr. F. W. Burton, and the Rev. Dr. Rigg should be re-elected to the committee, and that Mr. Walter Besant be elected in place of Dr. Reynolds, who retired. An attempt to add the names of Miss Shaw-Lefevre and Miss Beatrice Potter in place of Dr. Rigg and Mr. Besant was a failure, it being urged by Mr. Gedge, M.P., that questions about books came occasionally before the committee on which they would hardly care to express an opinion before ladies.

The bronze medal of the Board of Trade has just been given to a sailor named Mudford, who, early in March last, offered to sacrifice his life to save his captain in a shipwreck at sea. Two Brixham cruisers came into collision off Start Point late one night, and while the Dazzler was going down, Mudford, the third hand on board, seized the lifebuoy. The men were all struggling in the sea, when Harris, the skipper, said, loud enough to reach Mudford, "Whatever will my poor wife do if I am drowned!" Mudford immediately exclaimed, "Here, skipper, take this lifebuoy! I have no one but myself to support, and if I am lost nobody else will suffer." Harris, however, was as anxious to save his companion's life as his own, and, putting one of his arms around the buoy, he said, "Jack, put your arm round like this, and it will keep us both up; anyhow, we will both share the same fate." Mudford acted on the advice of his skipper, and the buoy sustained both men in the water until they were picked up by the crew of the trawler Hilda (who had witnessed the collision from a distance) and taken to Brixham.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

## II.

*A Letter from a Reviewer of Fiction to his Aunt on his approaching dissolution.*

Henrietta Street, Whitechapel, E.

My dear Aunt,—It was you who first inspired me with a desire for a literary career. Impressed by some verses of mine on a domestic loss that you had sustained, you advised me to abandon my situation with Messrs. Baskett and Binge, and to come to London. You even advanced me twenty pounds for the purpose; and you told me to become great. Two years have passed since then, and, so far, you have not heard from me.

I now write for the first time and the last. After to-night I shall be no more. I will tell you what has brought me to this; and I must begin by describing the commencement of my career.

Upon arriving in London I called on the editor of *The Blank Asterisk*, with my letter of introduction. He was a middle-aged man, and he looked anxious and tired. He commenced the interview by observing that he already had more verse, short stories, and pleasant, chatty, social articles than he could possibly use. I was a little disappointed. "Then you have no work for me?" I said. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him. He looked at me from head to foot, as if he were going to measure me for a suit of clothes. He said, "Would you care—you seem young and strong—to undertake the reviews of novels for *The Blank Asterisk*? The man who used to do them for us has—well, he had to go away. You would read and review six novels every week." He seemed strangely agitated. At this point he stopped suddenly and went to the sideboard. He poured himself out a glass of brandy. He moaned something indistinctly to himself. I could just catch the words, "I'm doing a wicked thing—a wicked thing, Heaven forgive me!" I could not, at that time, understand his conduct; but in my ignorance I was willing to undertake the reviews of novels, and I suggested that he should see some samples of my work.

"It's not necessary," he said. "Only say that you'll do it, until you—until the doctors make you—I mean, until I can find you something else. I would not ask you if you had a wife and family depending upon you. And it may be all right. Take plenty of fresh air. Don't give way to drink, and don't think about it more than you can help. I'll send six novels round to your rooms to-morrow."

I went away much perplexed to the rooms which I had taken at the Grand. In my inexperience and enthusiasm I thought that the reviewing of fiction would be light, pleasant work. Next morning, however, the office-boy of *The Blank Asterisk* came into my room and placed on my table a parcel containing the novels. Then he sank into my easy-chair, buried his face in his hands, and wept as if his heart would break.

"Excuse me, Sir," he sobbed, "but I can't help it!—You are

"FIRESIDE FANCIES." BY MRS. ALMA TADEMA.  
(NEW GALLERY.)

so young—and so fair—that I cannot bear to see it done. Give it up, Sir, if you value your reason! Mr. Grimson, who used to do the novels for us, looked just as hale and healthy; and in six short months he was gone."

"Gone where?" I asked.

"Gone to Broadmoor. It preyed on his mind; and one night he was found wandering excitedly up and down Fleet Street. He wanted to kill the lady who had written the last novel that had been sent to him, because she had called her heroine Meliora. 'Called her a neuter plural!' he was shrieking. Then he killed two policemen because he thought they looked as if they might be collaborating. Women don't realise their own power; they don't know the awful misery and blight that they can cause by simply writing three-volume novels."

I ventured to inquire from the boy what were the usual rates of payment for this deadly work, and I was surprised to find they were very low indeed. I pointed out that it must be very difficult to get a man to undertake the writing of such reviews.

"It is," the boy said. "But it's far more difficult to get anybody to read them."

"Then why do you put them in *The Blank Asterisk*?"

"Custom."

"But there's no sense in it."

"None whatever," the boy sobbed, as he withdrew.

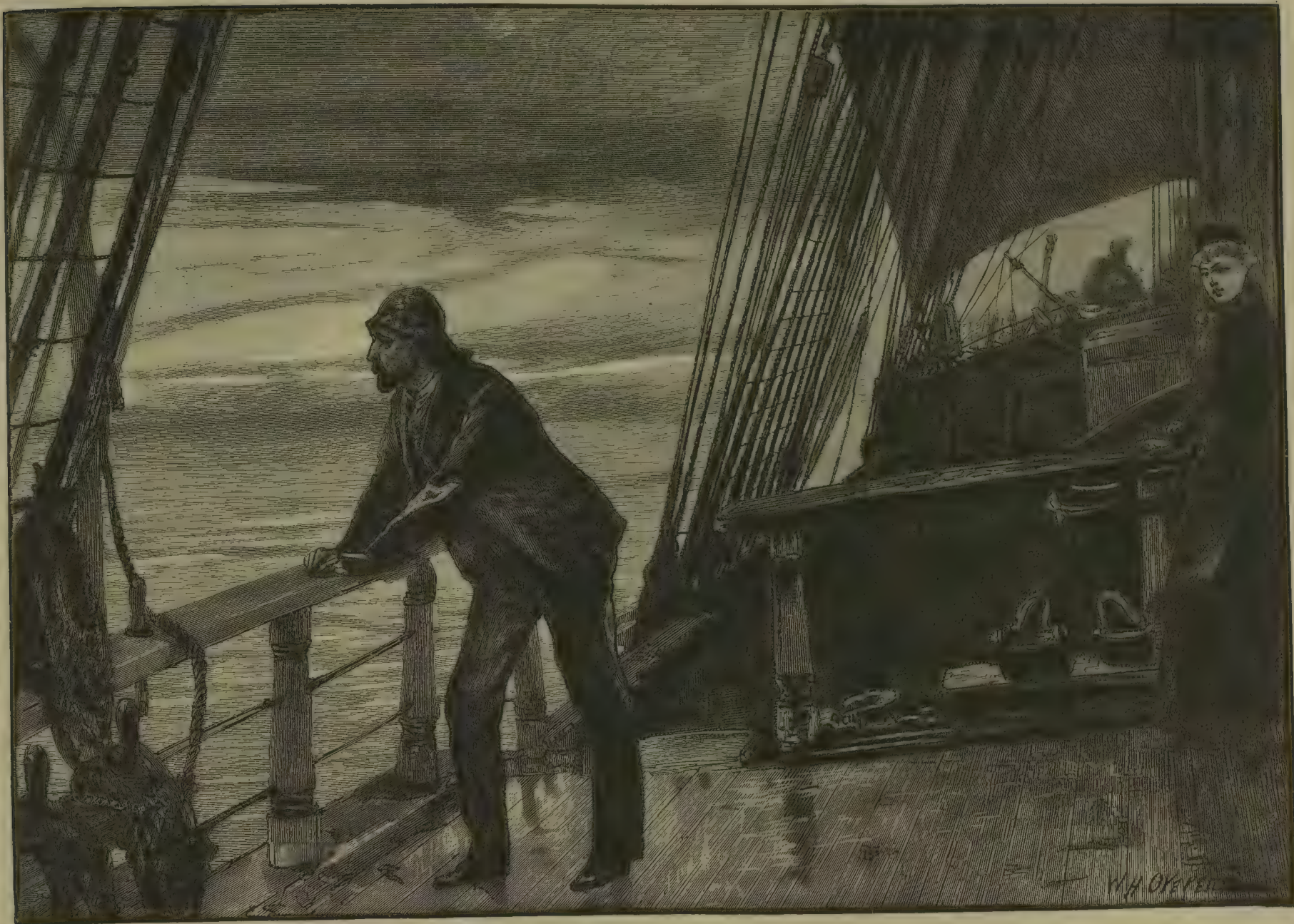
I knew now why the editor did not require to see samples of my work. I cannot, my dear aunt, continue the sad story in detail. For two years I have been reading books that have absolutely nothing new in them; and there has been absolutely nothing new in my reviews of them either. With a very few exceptions, all the authors and all the reviewers have got into grooves, and stuck there. The authors have the consolation of a loving public, but nobody loves the critics. From a number of *The New Review* I gather that they do not even love one another. I do not know how I have got through two years of it. I reached the climax the other night, when I asked myself, "Why is it that in fiction the characters who are satirical in their conversation are *always* olive-coloured in their complexion?" The question maddens me. I cannot answer it.

I have lately been buying didactic poems—in small quantities, so as not to excite suspicion. You have to sign a statement in the shop that you do not intend to read the poems, but only to give them away. I think I have got enough didactic poetry now to induce the fatal lethargy.

Good-bye, my dear aunt. Forgive my rash act.

Your affectionate nephew —





DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

*It seemed an eternity ere the cold grey of the dawn hovered in the east. I swept the sea-line. The ocean was a grey desert.*

## MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### A CONFERENCE.

There was now a pause. How am I to convey the dramatic character of this interval of silence? The hush of the night worked like a spirit in the vessel, and the silence seemed to be deepened rather than disturbed by the dull, pinion-like beat of the mainsail swinging into the mast, by the occasional creak breaking forth from some slightly strained bulkhead, and by the half-muffled gurgling of some little lift of dark water laving the barque's side. I could witness no temper in the men. Wherever there lay a scowl, it was no more than a part of the creature's make. Their faces were by this time familiar to me, and I could not mistake. Custom had even diminished something of the fierceness, and I may say the hideousness, of the lemon-coloured man, whose corrugated brow and savage eyes had been among the earliest details of this ship to attract my attention on boarding her. Yet with the memory in me of what had just now been enacted—with thoughts in me of two corpses scarcely yet cold sinking, still sinking, at but a little distance from the vessel—these men opposed a horribly formidable array of countenances to the gaze. Their various dyes of complexion were deepened by the lantern light; the grotesque character of their attire seemed to intensify their tragic appearance. Their figures were as motionless as though they were acting a part as statues in a stage representation. At intervals one or another would look to right or left, but in the main their eyes were directed our way, and were chiefly fixed upon Helga.

Jacob stared as though in a dream; Abraham, with his under-jaw hanging loose, appeared to be fascinated by Nakier. I longed to plunge into this silence, so to speak, to expend in speech and questions the emotions which were keeping my heart fiercely beating; but I was held dumb by the notion that this stillness was a part of the solemnities which were to be employed for the protection of our lives.

Punmeamooty re-entered the cuddy, holding a book. Nakier took it from him, and coming round to us said:—"Look, lady! look, Sah! You see dis is de Koran"—I observed that he sometimes said *de* and sometimes *the*—"it is our religion. We swear upon it. Look to make sure!"

I received the volume, and examined it. It was a manuscript, bound in leather, with a flap, and very elegantly ornamented on the sides and back with some sort of devices in gold and colour. The writing was in red, and every page was margined with a finely ruled red line. What tongue it was written in I could not, of course, tell. I have since supposed it was in Arabic; but for us it might as well have been the Talmud as the Koran. I returned the book to Nakier.

"It is allee right, you see, Sah," he exclaimed, showing his wonderfully white teeth in a smile of gentle, respectful

congratulation that put a deeper glow into his eyes and gave a new beauty to his handsome features.

"It may be the Koran," said I. "I cannot tell. I will take your word."

He turned to the men, and, with a passionate gesticulation, addressed them; on which they shouted out all as one man: "Yaas! yaas! Al-Koran! Al-Koran!"—nodding and pointing and writhing and working with excess of Asiatic contortion.

"We are quite content," said I.

Nakier withdrew to his end of the table, carrying the book with him. He stood erect, blending the grace of a reposing dancer with an air of reserved eagerness and enthusiasm.

"Lady and you, Sah!" he exclaimed, while every dusky eye along the table was fixed intently upon him, "you sabbe why we kill de capt'n and Misser Jones? Them two bad men—them two wicked, shocking men. They would make we poor Mussulmans sin, and would send we to hell. And why? Dey not care at heart our soul for to save. We came here for work: we gib dem *dis* for dere money"—he elevated his clenched hands, and then gesticulated as though he pulled and hauled—"not dis, which is Allah's," striking his breast vehemently; by which, I presume, he signified his spirit or conscience.

A rumbling murmur ran round the table. I should not have supposed the fellows understood the man; but acquiescence was strong in every tawny face, and a universal nod followed when he struck his bosom.

"We not all Malay," he continued, "but we are all men, lady. We hab feeling—we hab hunger; we drink and cry and laugh like you all who are white and do not believe in de Prophet. We have killed dose two shocking wicked men, and we are not sorry. No; it is justice!" he added, with a sudden piercing rise in his melodious voice, and a flash of the eye that was emphasised somewhat alarmingly by an unconscious clutch of his hand at the empty sheath strapped to his hip. But his manner instantly softened, and his voice sweetened again, though his behaviour seemed, while it lasted, to exercise an almost electrical influence over his people. They fluttered and swayed to it like ears of wheat brushed by a wind, darting looks at one another and at us. But this ceased on Nakier resuming his former air.

"Dis ship," said he, "is boun' to Table Bay. Some of us belong to Cape Town. Allee want to get to Afric, and dem as not belong to Cape Town ship for dere own country. But dis ship must not steer for Cape Town. When we arrive, it is asked, 'Where is de capt'n? Where is Misser Jones?' and we must not tell," said he, smiling.

"But where do you wish to go, then?" said I, almost oppressed by the sudden simultaneous turning of the men's dark fiery eyes upon me.

"Near to Cape Town," said he.

"But what do you call near to Cape Town?" I asked.

"Oh, dere will be a river—we find him. We anchor and go ashore and walkee walkee," he exclaimed.

Helga gave a little start.

"What you and your mates wants is that we should put ye ashore somewhere?" said Abraham.

"Yaas, dat's so," called the fellow named Pallun-appachelly.

"No, no!" cried Nakier, "not somewhere, Misser Vise. Near Cape Town, I say. Not too far for we to walkee."

"But to set ye ashore, anyhow?" exclaimed Abraham.

The man nodded.

"I suppose you know, Nakier," said I, with a sense of dismay pressing like a weight upon my spirits, "that this young lady and I wish to return home? The captain refused to part with us—he insisted on carrying us with him—we have a home to return to. Surely you do not intend that we should make the passage to the Cape in this barque?"

"Who will navigate de ship?" said Nakier.

"Why, Mr. Wise will," I exclaimed, turning upon the boatman.

"Blowed, then, if I dew!" cried Abraham, recoiling. "What! along with these—arter what's—soides, I don't know nothen' about longitude."

"For mercy's sake, man, don't talk like that!" cried I. "Miss Nielsen and I must be transhipped."

"So must Oi!" said Abraham.

"And Oi!" hoarsely shouted Jacob.

"What ees it you say?" exclaimed Nakier, smiling.

"Why, that we all of us wish to get aboard another vessel," said I, "and leave this barque in your hands to do whatever you like with."

There was a sharp muttering of "No, no!" with some fierce shaking of heads on either side the table. Nakier made a commanding gesture and uttered a few words in his own tongue. "We must not speakee any ship, lady, and you, Sah, and you, Misser Vise, and Jacob, my mate. Cannot you tell why?"

"If you're going to keep us here for fear of our peaching," cried Abraham, "there's me for wan as is ready to take moy oath that I'll say nothen' about what's happened, purwiding you safely set us aboard another wessel."

Nakier strained his ear, with a puzzled face. The language of Deal was happily unintelligible to him, for which I was exceedingly grateful, since nothing could be more imperilling than such talk as this. Helga, who all this while remained silent, seated in her chair, without lifting her eyes to my face or turning her head, said softly, in little more than a whisper, so that only I, who stood at her shoulder, could catch her accents, "You can see by their faces, Hugh, that they are resolved. All this has been preconcerted. Their plans are formed, and they mean to have their way. We must seem



to consent. Let us agree, that they may take the oath, otherwise our lives are not worth more than the captain's or the mate's."

Nakier's glowing eyes were upon her, but, though the movements of her lips might have been visible, it would seem to them as though she whispered to herself. The conviction that she was absolutely right in her advice came to me with her words. I needed but to glance at the double line of determined faces to gather that argument, that even hesitation would merely result in speedily enraging the fellows; that they were not to be influenced by the most reasonable of our wishes; that our lives had been spared in order that we should convey them to a place of safety; and this, too, I saw with the help of the illumination supplied by Helga's few words—that, fully believing the girl qualified to navigate the vessel, they might, if we provoked them, destroy the three of us and retain her, counting upon their threats and her situation to achieve their ends.

I said in a hurried aside to the boatmen: "Not a word, now, from either of you! This must be left to me! If you interfere, your blood will be on your own heads!" Then, addressing Nakier—

"Your demands are these: the barque is to be navigated to some part of the South African coast lying near to Table Bay?"

"Yaas, Sah!" he answered, holding up one finger as though counting.

"The spot you wish to arrive at will have to be pointed out on the chart!"

Up went a second finger, followed by another "Yaas, Sah!"

"We are not to communicate with passing ships?"

"Right, Sah!" he added, nodding and smiling, and raising a third finger.

"And then?" said I.

"Den," said he, "you swear to do dis and we swear by de Koran to be true, and to serve you, and be your friend."

"And if we refuse?" said I.

"Do not say it!" he cried, sweeping his hands forward as though to repel the idea.

"There must be other conditions!" said I, talking with an air of resolution which, I fear, was but poorly simulated.

"First, as to the accommodation?"

"I do not understand!" said Nakier.

"I mean where are we to live?" I cried.

"Oh, here! oh, here!" he shouted, motioning round the cuddy; "dis is your room. No man of us come here."

"And here I stop, tew," said Abraham. "No more of your fore-castle for me, mates!"

"Nor for me!" rumbled Jacob.

"Do not say so!" exclaimed Helga, turning hastily to address them. "Be advised. Do not interfere. Let Mr. Tregarthen have his way."

"And I suppose," I continued, running my eyes over the rows of faces till they settled on Nakier, "that we shall be waited upon as usual, and that we shall be as well cared for as when Captain Bunting was alive?"

"Yaas, Sah! yaas, Sah!" said Nakier demonstratively, and Punmeamooty shouted: "Me wait allee same upon you and de sweet lady. Me sabbee what you like. Me get dem room ready," pointing to the mate's and the captain's cabins.

I shook my head with a shudder, then said softly to Helga, whose gaze was bent on the table: "Can you suggest anything further for me to say to them?"

"Nothing. Get them to take their oath, Hugh."

"Nakier!" I exclaimed, "we consent to your proposals. Among us we will navigate this ship for you. But first you and your mates will swear by that Koran in which you believe—I suppose it is the Koran?"

"Oh, yaas, yaas!" he cried, and there was a general chorus of "yaases."

"You must swear by that sacred book of yours not to harm us; to be our friends; to serve us and do our bidding as though we were the officers of this ship. Explain this to your men, and let them take the oath in theirs and your country's fashion, and we shall be satisfied."

On this he addressed them. I hear now his melodious voice and witness his animated handsome face as he poured forth his rich unintelligible syllables. It was difficult to look at the fellow and not believe that he was some prince of his own nation. There was nothing in his scarecrow clothes to impair the dignity of his mien and the grace of his motions. I could conceive of him as a species of man-serpent capable of fascinating and paralysing with his marvellous eyes, holding his victim motionless till he should choose to strike. His influence over the others was manifestly supreme, and I had no doubt whatever that the tragedy which had been enacted was his and wholly his by the claim of creation and command. While he talked I would here and there mark a dingle face with a look of expostulation in it. The lamp swinging fairly over the table yielded light enough to reveal expressions. When he had ceased there was a little hubbub of voices, a running growl, so to speak, of discontent. One cried out to him, and then another, and then a third, but in notes of expostulation rather than temper.

Helga, without turning her head, said to me, "I expect they wish us to swear too. Your bare assurance does not satisfy them."

The guess seemed a shrewd one, and highly probable, but the men's talk was sheer Hebrew to the four of us. Nakier listened, darting looks from side to side, then suddenly lifted both his hands in the most dramatic posture of denunciation that could be imagined, and hissed some word to them, whereupon every man fell as silent as though he had been shot. He picked up the volume and extended it to the fellow next him.

"Takee, takee," he cried, speaking that we might understand. "Lady, and you, Sah, Misser Vise and Jacob my mate, dis is de Mussulman oath we men now take. I speak not well your language, but dis is my speech in English of what you shall hear." Then, composing his countenance and turning up his eyes till nothing gleamed but the whites of them in his dark visage, he exclaimed in a profoundly devotional tone and in accents as melodious as singing:—

"In de name of Allah de most merciful, and de good Lord of all things, if break dis oath do I, den, O Allah, may I go to Hell!"

He paused, then turned to the man who held the volume, who forthwith held the book at arm's length above his head and pronounced in his native tongue what we might suppose the oath that Nakier had essayed to make English of. This done, the book was handed to the next man, and so it went round, all in dead silence, broken only by the strange, wildly solemn accents of the oath-taker, and I noticed that the glittering eyes of Nakier rested upon every man as he swore, as though he constrained him to take the vow by his gaze.

Abraham and his mate looked on with open mouths, breathing deeply. The book came to Nakier. He was about to lift it, paused, and spoke to the fierce-looking fellow that was called Ong-Kew-Ho, who immediately glided out of the cabin—none of these men seemed to walk: the motion of their legs resembled that of skaters. I was wondering what

was to happen next, when the fellow who had been stationed at the wheel arrived. Nakier addressed him. Immediately he extended his arms and levelled his forefingers at us as the others had; then elevated the book and recited the oath.

"All this looks very honest," I whispered to Helga.

Then Nakier took the oath, handed the volume to a man, and said something. Instantly every man's arms were pointed at us, with the index fingers touching, and a minute later all the men, saving Nakier, had quitted the cabin.

"You see, lady, it is allee right," said he, smiling.

"Yes, we are satisfied," she exclaimed, rising from her chair; but her eye caught the stain on the deck; an expression of horror worked in her face like a spasm, and she brought her hand to her breast with a half-stifled exclamation.

"When day come," said Nakier, addressing Helga, "we look at de chart and find out de place for you to steer we to."

His bearing was still full of Eastern grace and courtesy. No expression entered his face to deform its beauty; yet somehow I seemed sensible of a subtle spirit or quality of command in the fellow, as though he was now disguising his sense of power and possession with difficulty. It was clear that he looked to Helga mainly, if not wholly, for what was to be done for them.

"You shall point out the spot you have in your mind," said she.

"You sabbee navigation, sweet lady?"

"Among us," she answered, with a motion of her hand that comprehended the two boatmen and myself, "we shall be able to do all you require."

He made a sort of salaam to her, and said, looking at Abraham, "Who keep de watch?"

"Whose watch on deck is it?" I asked.

"The starboard's—moine," answered Abraham, with an uneasy shuffling of his feet.

"Allee right, Mr. Vise; allee right! It is verree fine night. I go now to sleep," said Nakier, and he went in his sliding, spirit-like fashion to the cuddy door, and vanished in the blackness on the quarterdeck.

The four of us stood grouped at the head of that little table, staring at one another. Now that the coloured crew were gone, a sense of the unreality of what had happened possessed me. It was like starting from a nightmare, with the reason in one slowly dominating the horror raised by the hideous phantasmagoria of sleep.

"We must not seem to be standing here as though we were planning and plotting," exclaimed Helga. "Dark figures out in that shadow there are watching us."

"That's right enough, Miss," said Abraham; "but what's to be done?"

"Here stands a man," cried Jacob, hotly, striking his breast, "as don't mean for to be carried to the Cape in a bloomin' wessel full o' bloody savages; and that's speaking straight!"

"Hush!" cried I. "Soften those leather lungs of yours, will you?"

"Ain't there no firearms knocking about?" said Abraham.

"I hope not," said Helga; "we shall be able to manage without firearms!"

I looked at her white face but resolved mouth and steady spirited blue gaze.

"What is in your mind, Helga?"

"An idea not yet formed," she answered. "Give me time to think. I believe that not only are our lives to be saved but the vessel too!"

"Ha!" cried Abraham, with a thirsty look. "It needs a sailor's lass to get such a fancy as that into her head! I'm a Cockney if I don't seem to see a salvage job here!"

But Jacob was staring at us gloomily.

"What I says is this," he exclaimed, addressing us with his fists clenched: "Here be three Englishmen and a gal with the heart of two men in her"—"Softly!" I interposed—"with the heart of two men in her," he continued, with a shake of his fist; "and what's forward? He-leven whisks of coloured yarn!" He-leven heffigies, with backbones separately to be broke like this!"—He crooked his knee, and made as if he were breaking a stick across it.—"Are we," he cried, with the blood mounting to his face and an expression of wrath sparkling in his eyes—"are we fower—three men and a young lady—to quietly sit down and wait to be murdered, or are we to handle 'em as if they was a pack of apes, to be swept below and smothered under hatches as a breeze o' wind 'ud blow a coil of smoke along?"

"Lower your voice, man!" I whispered. "What do you want?—to court the death that you bolted aloft to escape?"

"What's to prevent us," he continued, muffling his tone, though the fierceness of his temper hissed in every breath he expelled—"what's to prevent us a-doing this? More'n than the watch are below; three or fower may be on deck. Ain't the scuttle forwards to be clapped down over the fore-castle, where they lie safe as if they was at the bottom of a well a hundred foot deep? Ain't that to be done? And if the three or fower that's knocking about on deck aren't to be handled by us three men—good noight!"

He rounded his back upon us in sheer contempt of passion.

"We may do better than that," said Helga.

"You're for supposing that they ain't going to keep a bright look-out, mate," said Abraham. "See here! What's good to be done, these here hands you'll find equal to," smiting first his left then his right knuckles; "but s'elp me Moses I'm not here to be killed. Them chaps are born knife-stickers. Touch one, and you're groaning at your length on deck with a mortal wound in your vitals. And if what we do ain't complete—if so be as they're wan too many for us—and it's eleven to three, remember that, mate—what's to happen? Ask yourself the question! For the lady's sake, I'm for all caution."

"We must not remain debating here," said I. "They believe us sincere. There are eyes watching us, as Miss Nielsen says. This holding a council is not going to reassure them. If you object to keeping a look-out, Abraham, I'll take charge."

"I will keep you company, Hugh," said Helga.

"No, no!" cried Abraham. "It's moy watch, and Oi'll keep it."

He went clumsily, and with a bewildered manner, to the companion-steps.

"I'll remain along wi' ye, Abey," said Jacob. "Arter what I saw at the wheel—the poor chap's cry—the way they chucked him overboard"—He buried his eyes in his coat-sleeve. "The cussed murderers!" he exclaimed, lifting his face, and looking savagely around.

"Come!" cried Abraham, "if ye mean to come! What's your temper a-going to do for us?"

"I'll relieve you at four o'clock," said I, looking at the timepiece, the hands of which stood at a quarter before two.

The men went on deck, and turning down the lamp—for the revelation of the light served as a violent irritant to the nerves on top of the fancy of the secret, fiery-eyed observation of us without—I seated myself beside Helga on a locker to whisper and to think.

The girl and I had passed through some evil, dark, and dangerous hours since we first came together in that furious

Saturday night's gale; but never was the worst of them all comparable to this middle watch through which we sat, for hard upon two hours of it, in gloom, in the ocean silence that lay upon the barque, imagining the movement of dark shapes in the blackness that came like a wall to the cabin-door, and the gleam of swiftly recoiling eyes peering at us through the cabin skylight. Regularly through the stillness sounded the combined tread of Abraham and his mate over our heads, with sometimes a halt that almost startled the ear, while we could clearly catch the rumbling growling of their conversation as they passed the skylight on their way to and fro.

Yet strangely enough—I am speaking for myself—the horror of the double assassination did not lie upon my spirit with the deadening weight I should have imagined as the effect of so shocking, sudden, and bloody a tragedy. That which might have been acute horror was subdued into little more than a dull and sickening consternation by perception of our own peril. Yet I would look at those berth lying on either side the cuddy-front as though from either one or the other of them the figure of the captain or his mate must stalk! The stain upon the cabin-deck lay black as ink against the captain's door. Oh! to think that that was all of him his barque now contained!

We sat whispering about the unhappy creature and his wretched subordinate; then our talk went to other matters. I told Helga we need not question that the intention of the crew was to cast the vessel away upon some part of the South African coast, near enough to Cape Town to enable them to trudge the distance, but too remote from civilisation for the movements of the barque to be witnessed. That was their resolution, I said: I would swear to it as though it had been revealed to me. That they would never suffer us three men to land alive we might be as sure as that they had slaughtered Bunting and his mate.

"Their oath counts for nothing, you think?" said she.

I answered, nothing: they would value their lives above their oath. Not likely they would suffer us to testify to their crime. Under the serpent-fair exterior of Nakier lay as passionless a capacity of murder as ever formed the mechanical instinct of any deadly beast or reptile.

"His eye," I said, "will never be off us." Even as we whispered, his gaze or that of another subtle as himself might be upon us. He was the one to fear, and this carried me into asking, "What is to be done?"

Yet before the hands of the clock were upon the hour of four we knew what was to be done. It was wholly Helga's scheme. Her little brain had planned it all, but it was not until she spoke and delivered her plot bit by bit that I understood the reason of her silence while I had been feverishly whispering my fears, talking of the captain, of Nakier, of the treachery of the Malay and Cingalese miscreants, and asking, as one might think aloud, "What is to be done?"

We went on deck at four; it was the darkest hour of the night, but very quiet. I bade Abraham and the other man go forward and turn in as had heretofore been their custom.

"Not a word!" I cried, in swift response to the first of Jacob's remonstrance. "I cannot speak here. There are thirsty ears at the wheel. We have planned that long before this time to-morrow the barque shall be our own, with nothing more for you to do than to calculate the value of the salvage. I'll find an early chance to explain—but not here! not now! Forward with you both, for our lives depend upon the fellows believing that we have confidence in them."

This I spoke as rapidly as intelligibility would permit, and, with Helga, drew away from them, moving towards the wheel. They hung as though staring and deliberating a few moments, then, without a word, went forward.

I spoke pleasantly to the fellow at the helm—what man it was I could not see—said that the vessel's course was the right navigation for the South African coast, and so forth. He answered me throatily, with a note of satisfaction in his thick speech, and then Helga and I fell to quietly pacing the deck.

We took great care to speak low; so nimble and ghostly were the movements of this coloured crew that it was impossible to tell where a man might be lying listening and hidden. Twice I beheld the flitting of a shadow in the obscurity round about the mainmast, and all the while I walked I was again and again casting a look behind me.

It seemed an eternity ere the cold grey of the dawn hovered in the east. The first sight the bleak and desolate light revealed was a patch of dark crimson abreast of the companion, close against the rail, marking the spot where the unhappy mate had been stabbed. The barque stole glimmering out to the daylight, lifting her ashen canvas with a gloom about the deck where the fore-castle ended as though the blackness of the night had been something tangible, and the lingering shadows betwixt the rails fragments and tatters of it. I swept the sea-line. The ocean was a grey desert floating in thin lines of swell which made it resemble a vast carpet stirred by a draught of wind. But the small breeze of the previous evening was still with us, and the broad bows of the vessel broke the water into wrinkles fine-drawn as piano-wire as she swam forwards, slowly rolling.

Three of the crew sat, squatting like Lascars, against the long-boat. I called, and they instantly sprang to their feet and came aft.

"Get scrapers," said I, "and work that stain out of the deck fast as you can move your arms."

They sprang forwards, returned with the necessary tools, and, in a minute, were on their knees scraping violently. With a dreadful feeling of sickness of heart I rejoined Helga at the other end of the deck.

The sun rose; the morning was to be a bright one; the heavens went, in a clear tropic blue, into the south and west, and in the north-east the clouds, like a scattering of frosted silver, hung high and motionless—mere pearly feathers of vapour, to be presently absorbed. Helga went below, to her cabin under the deck. When I asked her if she did not feel timid at the idea of penetrating those gloomy depths alone, she smiled, and, merely saying, "Ah, Hugh! you have called me a brave girl, but you do not believe me to be so," she left me.

It was shortly after seven o'clock that I spied Nakier standing in the galley door talking to someone within. I called to him: he immediately knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and, slipping the inch of sooty clay into his breast, approached me. His salute was full of respect, and he surveyed me with eyes so gentle and so cordial that one looked to see the engaging tenderness of his heart overflowing his face in smiles. So much for appearances! The most poisonous-fanged rogue of them all in that barque full of coloured wretches made miscreants and murderers of by Captain Joppa Bunting's theories of conversion might have passed to every eye as one of the very few sweet-souled men in this great world of wrong-headed humanity!

"I want you to send Abraham to me, Nakier," said I, in the civillest manner I could command. "It is his watch below, but I desire his presence and help while I overhaul the captain's cabin for charts, for instruments of navigation and so forth."

He sought to veil, by drooping his lids, the keen glance he shot at me.



"Yaas, I send Misser Vise to you, Sah," said he; "but first I would like to speakee about dat place we sail to. We have agree, and we ask you," he continued, with a smile that put an expression of coaxing into his handsome face, "to agree allee same with us to sail for Mossel Bay. It is a very good bay, and it have a nice little town."

"Yes," said I; "and when we get there, what do you mean to do with the ship?"

"Oh, we allee go ashore," he answered.

He then asked me if I knew where Mossel Bay was situated. I answered that I had never heard of the place, but that if it was down on the charts we should undoubtedly be able to carry the barque to it. I then again requested him to send Abraham aft that he and I and the young lady might examine the contents of the captain's cabin, ascertain the situation of the ship when observations were last taken, and confer as to the course to be steered. I thought he hesitated for an instant, but, with true Malay swiftness of resolution that scarcely gave me time to note the hang of the mind in him, he exclaimed: "I will send Misser Vise, Sah," and went forward.

In a few minutes Abraham arrived. He was speedily followed by Jacob, who hung about in the waist, looking wistfully aft. He, however, was to be talked to afterwards, for the policy of the three of us was to keep as separate as possible, coming together only under some such excuse as I had now invented. The men who formed the watch on deck were "loafing about," to use the expressive vulgarism, one lounging

## EDINBURGH DISTURBED AND DISINTERRED.

Disturbed, disinterred, and almost disembowelled—such is the fate the fear of which has for some time agitated with apprehensions the Queen of the North upon her hilly throne. All strangers know what is the special beauty of Edinburgh. It is not merely that there is an Old Town and a New, each admirable in its way. In the New Town the city "throws her white arms to the sea" in a succession of fair freestone terraces climbing the short slope on one side and filling the long descent to the blue waters of the Forth on the other. In the Old there is a duskier grandeur and a steeper slope still—

Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high.

But the uniqueness of Edinburgh is that the old and the new, the dark and the fair, the squalor and the splendour, which in other towns must be sought out separately, are here brought face to face with each other, and set in vivid contrast on either side of the long green valley that once was the Norloch. Now it is precisely this vale of rest—this strip of quiet beauty between the old and the new—which has been threatened, and to some extent has been already destroyed. Our Engraving shows the western half of that long valley—the half which still remains a haunt of ancient peace, as it was in the days when the waves of the North Loch, or Norloch, rippled under the castle, and the wild-duck "squattered on whistling wings" in full security across it. The other end of it is

fiend threatens us. The North British, who ought never to have been allowed to pass through the centre of Edinburgh, now say, with justice, that what they have is too small for them. They want more for luggage, if not for passenger trains, and they want a broader strip of the gardens. It may be right so far; but the question is, Where is this to end?

But the ancient memories, as well as the modern beauties, of Edinburgh are threatened in unexpected ways. At the farther end of the Engraving our readers will notice a big barn-like edifice, with a good spire rising between us and two others in the distance. It is St. Cuthbert's Church, not ancient but on a very ancient site. Its predecessor was founded in 1745 by the Hanoverian guns, in 1689 by the Jacobite guns, and in 1650 by the cannon of the Covenant. But, even before the Reformation, while church succeeded to church, the churchyard here was slowly filled with the unnumbered dead, till, in 1874, it had risen high above the outside level, and was closed by public authority. It is now proposed, not a day too soon, to rebuild or replace the present ugly edifice by something which shall not be such a blot on the landscape. But the proposal to extend the new building over a crowded part of the churchyard, and to sink the foundations through that to the rock, has raised a question in the Scottish Law Courts. The opposition to it has been founded on the assumed feelings of a few hundreds of living persons with near relatives laid in that corner, and it seems to be forgotten that there is also an antiquarian question of much interest.



WEST PRINCES STREET, FROM THE MOUND, EDINBURGH.

against the bulwark-rail with another talking to him; here a fellow squatting like a Hindoo blowing a cloud, there a couple patrolling ten feet of deck, their arms folded upon their breasts. There was no gesticulation, no excitement, nothing of the swift fierce whispered conversation significant with the flashing of the askant glance that had been noticeable down to the dusk of the previous evening. Nakier paced the weather-side of the forecastle. I never once caught him looking our way, yet I could feel that the fellow had us in his eye as fully as though his stare was a level one.

"Abraham," said I, "I have sent for you under the pretence of helping me to overhaul the dead skipper's stock of nautical appliances. My real motive is to create an opportunity to acquaint you with the plot Miss Nielsen and I settled between us while we were in the cuddy. Don't look knowing, man! Put on as honest and stupid a Deal beach air as you can manufacture."

I called to Nakier.

"The barque will want watching. Step aft and keep a look-out while we are below, will you?" and followed by Abraham I entered the cuddy.

(To be continued.)

The *London Gazette* contains a Treasury Warrant stating that on and after July 1 the Postmaster-General will be empowered to pay compensation, not exceeding £50 in each instance, in the event of any article of value forming part of a parcel being lost or damaged while in transit to any of the following places: India (including the whole continent of India, Burmah, Aden, and Zanzibar), Ascension, Bahamas, Barbados, British Honduras, British North Borneo, Cyprus, Falkland Islands, Gambia, Gibraltar, Grenada, Hong Kong, Labuan, Leeward Islands, Newfoundland, St. Helena, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Straits Settlements, Tobago, and Trinidad.

unfortunately already devastated by the feet of the iron horse, the North British Railway having been allowed many years ago to spread itself over what once were the charming gardens of the Trinity College. Even through West Princes Street Gardens, it sends a double line of rails, but these are concealed in our Engraving by the trees which adorn the southern bank, and so the centre of the fierce old metropolis still looks like a rest for the weary. Indeed, the farthest end of our View is filled by a very ancient graveyard, of which more presently. But high on the left rises the huge basalt block which is crowned by the castle ramparts—the "crag" whose "tail," formed in geologic ages, stretches out as the long ridgy back of the Old Town. And on the right we have, of course, the New Town, represented here by the houses, clubs, and hotels along the white line of Princes Street. Now it is precisely upon this peaceful spot that the spoiler has descended. The rivalry between the two great Scottish railway companies has recently become very intense, and to two sappers of that kind nothing is sacred. First came the Caledonian, and, complaining that the North British had been allowed to pass through the centre of Edinburgh, they asked to do so too, by means of—a tunnel under Princes Street! Our readers may trace the bank proposed to be tunnelled along the right of the picture, and they may conceive the double danger of vibration to the residents of that palatial line of houses, and of devastation to the garden trees from the proximity of the tunnel fumes. Fortunately, the Parliamentary committee anticipated the protests of Edinburgh citizens and artists, and the Caledonian are in the meantime occupying themselves in building a huge station at the west end of Princes Street. The preparations make the place hideous in the meantime, and what is to be hoped rather than expected is that the buildings when completed may be worthy of one of the finest sites in Europe. But already the other hoof of the steam-

For below the recent interments lie generation after generation of Scotsmen, some of them buried at least as far back as before the Crusades and the Scottish War of Independence under Wallace and Bruce. It is, perhaps, a question capable of precise calculation, how much of the sixteen or eighteen feet in depth of once human mould belongs to the Catholic consecrated ground before 1560, and how much to the accumulations that follow. For all through the days of the Royal Stewarts, and of their high-strung daughter Mary, the West Kirk graveyard filled and grew; and it was when her son sat on an English throne that Scott, whom nothing escaped, brings it before us as it looked at that intermediate time. Ritchie Moniplies, rising with sore bones from St. Paul's Churchyard, remembers the "green graffs in St. Cuthbert's Kirkyard, where ane may sleep as if they were in a down bed, till they hear the lavrock singing up in the air as high as the castle," while as to these London kirkyards, "Dead folk may sleep yonder sound enow, but deil haet else." But the dead folk in the ancient Edinburgh churchyard are threatened not only by Presbyterian church restorers, but by their natural enemies, the railway; and the restorers have joined the Edinburgh artists in their protest against the latter. It is indeed impossible to see how the present railway can be much widened as it goes out of Princes Street Gardens without crashing through the graves and adding largely to the three hundred recent bodies whose remains the new church would displace. The reminder is timely. Those who have a reverent care for the ancient memories of so famous a town will be most likely to cherish a tender regard for its modern loveliness. And the graves of ten thousand households, stretching back to the dawn of Scottish history, ought to be one more barrier against handing over Scotland's "darling seat" to be squatted upon by two fire-breathing modern companies. Is there not still time for Parliament to insist upon adequate safeguards and securities?





"WAITING FOR THE GONDOLIER."

BY C. VIGOR.



THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. V. RUGBY.

THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS IN LAWRENCE SHERIFF STREET.



SCHOOL HOUSE PORCH AND TURRET.  
THE CLOISTERS.

SCHOOL GATE, HIGH STREET.  
SCHOOL HOUSE HALL



## THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

No. V.



WHEN, in 1867, the tercentenary of the death of Lawrence Sheriff was celebrated, there was little or nothing remaining in existence which could keep his memory lively or distinct before Rugbeian eyes. There was no likeness on canvas or in stone of the outward man, no stately tomb, no relic of the house in Rugby where first he established the school. The very site of the buildings had been changed more than a century. New names and new fame had turned the "free schoole of Lawrence Sheriffe, of London, grocer," into a Rugby very different from anything that ever entered into the imagination of the founder, or was foreshadowed in his "intent." There is nothing mediæval about Rugby—no old statutes, no old buildings, no traditional observances connecting the present with the distant past. The outer shell is modern—partly made up of the quiet, modest buildings erected in the second decade of this century, but mainly composed of the staring combinations of bricks of every hue—red bricks, yellow bricks, blue bricks, in streaks and checks and squares and patches, which characterise the numerous edifices raised since the tercentenary. The inner spirit is the spirit of Arnold, the modern public school spirit. Of the present generation it becomes this article to observe modest silence. The golden age of Rugby is the age of Arnold, who breathed into the school a spirit of life, which made it, more than ever before, "answer the good intent of our religious founder," as the school collect puts it, and train up many a "profitable member of the Church and Commonwealth."

For many long years after its foundation the story of Rugby School is not one of much public interest, the names connected with it are not often those of men known far beyond their own circle. Yet is it not devoid of points of wider interest: it is a story which throws some light on the history and growth of English schools, and which shows how some, at least, of the conditions were prepared which rendered possible the development of our present system of public schools.

All men know of the marvellous outburst of educational zeal in the sixteenth century. The time when "Greece crossed the Alps" in the revival of letters, and, especially of Greek learning, the time of the founding of St. Paul's School by Colet, early in the reign of Henry VIII., is the beginning of the change. The ultra-conservatives of the day raised what opposition they could. Sir Thomas More wrote to Colet that it was no wonder that this school raised a storm; for "it is like the wooden horse in which armed Greeks were hidden for the ruin of barbarous Troy." But the new party carried the day. Numbers of grammar schools were founded, chiefly out of confiscated monastic revenues, by Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Later, the energy and public spirit which marked the men of Queen Elizabeth's day led many private persons to wish to do their part to compass "the ruin of barbarous Troy"—the expulsion of ignorance and the diffusion of knowledge. So we get that goodly company of founders such as were John Lyon of Harrow, yeoman, and Lawrence Sheriff, grocer, of Rugby. When, or how, or for what cause Lawrence Sheriff left his native town and journeyed to London, history does not record. In the reign of Edward VI. we find him prospering in business as a grocer. The household accounts of Princess Elizabeth are still in existence, and contain many entries of payments to Lawrence Shreffle or Sherif (his name is spelt with almost as many varieties as Wyclif's) for "spices and necessaries." A few years later, when Elizabeth was Queen, it is recorded that he presented as a New Year gift "a sugar-loaf, a box of

ginger, a box of nutmegs, and a pound of cinnamon," and in return received from her Majesty "one gilt salt with a cover, 7 oz." One or two other signs of prosperity there are—a grant of arms made to him by the Heralds' College, election to the Vice-Wardenship of the Grocers' Company—and one single incident besides which does more than all these dry details to tell us something about the character of the man.

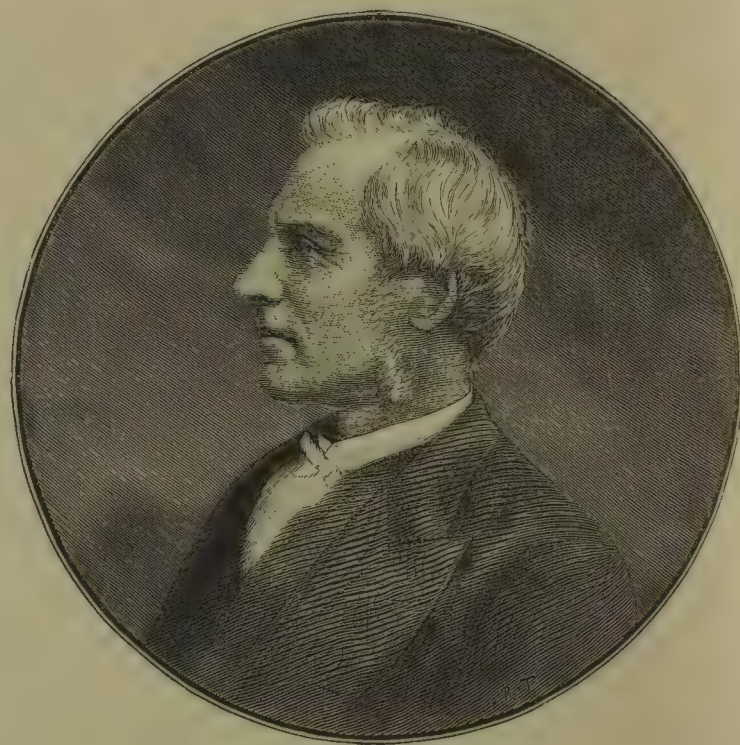
Soon after the "stir of Wiat" in the reign of Queen Mary, it happened one morning to one Robert Farrer to be at the Rose Tavern in Newgate, "from whence he was seldom absent." The story with this evil character of one of the actors is recorded in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." To him and his three companions enter "Laurence Shiriffe, grocer, who of long time had borne good will to him," and so sat down to share a cup of wine and a gossip with him. Foxe hints that the wine got into Farrer's head; at all events, he "had not consideration who were present," and began to rail against Princess Elizabeth—among other pretty things styling her a "Jill," ascribing Wyatt's rebellion to her, and expressing hopes that, sooner than come to the Crown, she and her friends "should hop headless or be fried with faggots." This was too much for Sheriff's patience: "He could no longer forbear his old acquaintance and neighbour Farrer in speaking so unreverently of his Mistress, but sayd unto him, 'Farrer, I have loved thee as a neighbour, and have had a good opinion of thee; but, hearing of thee that I now heare, I defie thee, and I tell thee I am her Grace's sworn servant, and shee is a Princesse, and the daughter of a Noble King, and it evill becometh thee to call her a Jill; and for thy so saying, I say thou art a knave, and I will complaine upon thee.' 'Doe thy worst,' sayd Farrer; 'for that I said I will say againe.' And so Shiriffe came from his company." Farrer's confidence that little harm would come to him from the Commission was not misplaced. Sheriff told his tale boldly before Bishop Bonner and the other members, but got little more than excuses for his adversary, and a faint promise that they would rebuke him for his "undiscreete words."

However, it is not to be wondered at that, with this simple and courageous loyalty, he prospered when the Commission was no more and his royal mistress came to the throne. The years passed on; he felt that the time was come for him to settle his earthly affairs, and his thoughts turned back to his native village. On July 22, 1567, he executed his will, being then, as he describes himself, "sick of body, but of good and perfect remembrance, for which thanked be God." Therein, after a long list of sums bestowed on various kindly and public-spirited purposes, and after legacies assigned to relatives and maids and 'prentices, he goes on to state his purpose that "his lands, tenements, and hereditaments in the county of Warwick," together with a sum of money, should be used by his trustees for the foundation of a "schoole house and almshouses in Rugbye, according to the tenor of a certayne writing, conteyning mine intent in that behalfe." Such was the original endowment of the Rugby School Charity, consisting of the founder's house and premises in Rugby, the neighbouring parsonage of Brownsver, and the sum of one hundred pounds.

The document alluded to above, and known as "The Intent of Lawrence Sheriff," is the nearest approach to original statutes connected with the charity. In it the founder lays down his wishes as to the school and almshouses: a "fayre and convenyent schoole howse" is to be built near to the old dwelling-house, "an honest, discreete, and learned man, being a Master of Arts, is to be retheyned to teach a free grammar

schoole therein"; he is to have the mansion house to dwell in, and a yearly salary of £12; the school is to be open chiefly "to the children of Rugby and Brownsver aforsaid, and next for such as bee of other places thereunto adjoyning"; and it "shall bee for ever called the Free Schoole of Lawrence Sheriffe, of London, grocer."

No doubt the "schoole howse," or big school-room, was built soon after the founder's death. No vestige, not even a picture, remains of this old mansion house and school-room. It stood in the heart of the town, on the north side of the parish church. For nearly two hundred years it was the headquarters of the "free schoole." For the greater part of that time it seemed likely that Lawrence Sheriff's bequest would only add one more to the numerous little "grammar schools" sprinkled about in English towns and villages, giving a scanty education to the few children which the place itself could provide. Only one account of the edifice is known to exist, but that has some points so quaint that it is worth reproducing. In 1809, an old Rugbeian, who had had experience both of the old premises and the new, sent the following reminiscences to the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*: "Mr. Urban,—The original school-room at Rugby in which I



DR. PERCIVAL, HEAD MASTER.

received the first part of my education, under Dr. Knail, was a long, rather lofty room, built with timber, opposite the church. The house was very indifferent. I have said many a lesson in a small room into which the Doctor occasionally called some boys, and in which he smoked many a pipe, the fragrance of which was abundantly retained in the blue cloth hangings with which it was fitted up. On the Anniversary, which was in the summer, the school was strewed with rushes, the trustees attended, and speeches were made by several of the boys, some in Latin, some in English. . . . I do not recollect any playground belonging to the old school, but there was a piece of ground beyond the churchyard sometimes used by them." It is even reported that the churchyard itself served as a playground for Lawrence Sheriff's scholars. Strange contrast between the half-timbered gabled house, with the fragrance of the head-magisterial pipe in the hangings of its low rooms, and the youngsters playing in the churchyard in



the days of old, and the present magnificence of close and quadrangles, and manifold modern appliances for work and play!

Two causes in especial helped to bring about this contrast. One of these was the famous codicil; the other was the high-handed attempt of King James II. to sweep out of Magdalen College, Oxford, all its members who would not submit to his absolute authority.

A few years before his death, Lawrence Sheriff had bought four-and-twenty acres of land in the outskirts of London, in Lamb's Conduit Fields, for £320. One third of this he had left to his sister. Six weeks after he made his will, he executed a codicil at Rugby, by which he revoked the legacy of £100 which he had originally set aside for the charity, and substituted for it this third part of the estate in London. Why he made this transference is wholly unknown. In after times it proved to be of immense moment to the fortunes of the school. For a hundred years after the founder's death, indeed, little or no progress was made. The property of the charity was diverted from its proper use, and the income mostly pocketed by some nephews of Lawrence Sheriff. The masters could not get even their meagre £12. In 1651 it appears that the master succeeded in getting just 2s. 7d. in actual cash. It was not till 1653, after a long and tedious lawsuit, that the matter was ended, and the wicked nephew, who lived to an extreme old age, was forced to take his fingers off the spoil. Even then the London estate was worth little; but in after years it was properly managed by the trustees. In 1748 the total income of the charity was under £117; but a few years later the leases were to fall in, and the value of the property to increase by leaps and bounds. So it came to pass that the fortunate codicil gave the trustees thousands to dis-

pose of annually, instead of pounds so few in number that the odd shillings and pence became an important item.

Meantime, the school jogged along a quiet, uneventful path for many a long year. Little record remains beyond the names of the masters for something like a century. But in 1687 the quarrel between



DR. ARNOLD'S CHAIR.

James II. and Magdalen College, Oxford, brought a man to the school whose mastership marks a new epoch. This was Henry Holyoak, some time one of the chaplains of Magdalen College, who, with other chaplains, fellows, and divines, was expelled from the college for refusing to submit to the King's arbitrary authority. In the following year, indeed, after the King's flight, he was reinstated to his office at Magdalen, but he remained at Rugby and ruled the school for forty-three years.

The school must have been in a strange state of inanition when he came to it. It is true that his last predecessor but one, Mr. Robert Ashbridge, had prospered: he had even received pupils now and again from places at some distance. He had admitted no less than twenty-six new boys in one year. But in the pride of his heart he had started a register of his pupils. This reveals the sad fact that his successor, one Leonard Jeacock, was not an unqualified success. Two new boys in 1683, one solitary boy in 1684, not even one in 1685 or



OLD MANOR HOUSE, 1748.

1686—such is the tale of the years just before Holyoak came. Then things took a turn. The new master came of a family of scholars. He was a man of a genial temperament and pleasant humour, popular in the neighbourhood, and attracting pupils from a wide circle. During his forty-three years' tenure of the office, 630 boys were admitted, of whom no less than 500 came from places outside the limits of the foundation, from all parts of the Midlands, and even from farther afield. A letter of his to the father of one of his pupils is worth quoting: "Hond. Sir (he writes),—Your young Gentleman is very hopeful. At first, indeed, I believe He thought of nothing but Liberty, but he soon applyd himself to busines, and moves with promising succes;—For He had lately discover'd a pretty Emulation of not being outrival'd by any of his Equals, which Inclination 't will be my business to cherish; I have as 't were just task'd Him, and accordingly, Sir, you'l find him at present raw and unpolish'd, yet I question not but he'l soon make a more considerable figure."

So the school grew and increased in numbers and reputation, and side by side with this growth the value of the estates in London was rising, while there was a prospect of a still larger—indeed, of an enormous—rise in the annual income at the disposal of the trustees, when the leases of the estate should fall in. People began to think that the old mansion house of the founder was too strait for the school—in fact, the whole plot of ground was less than half an acre in extent. Something must be done: it was a crisis in the history of the school. The existing buildings were said to be in a ruinous condition. An Act of Parliament was procured in 1748, empowering the trustees to borrow money wherewith to purchase "a large and convenient new-built house" adjoining the existing premises, or any other convenient premises, in case this scheme should not take effect. Some unknown obstacle intervened. The trustees could not extend their borders by the purchase of the adjoining premises: they were obliged to look about them for some other suitable place.

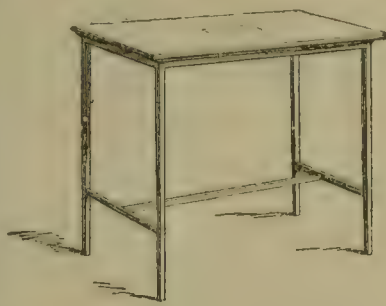
About the same time the Manor House, with land adjoining, on the outskirts of the town, to the south, was for sale. To it the trustees turned their attention. It was surveyed by a Mr. Hiorn, of Warwick, who reported well of the house, and gave his opinion that a new house, equally large and commodious, could not be purchased under £2000. "Wherefore [he quaintly adds], in my apprehension, it is very well worth the Sum of one thousand Pounds, the Price demanded." So the purchase was finished, the thousand pounds was paid, the necessary alterations made, and in 1751 the school was moved away from its old home to its present site.

This new site was not without a spice of old-world interest of its own. The house, which stood on the site of the present school-house, appears to have been the best house in the place,

large, and well built. The late Mr. M. H. Bloxam, the antiquary—an old Rugbeian who spent the whole of his long life at Rugby, and so energetically sought out all existing information about the past of the school and town that his writings form the quarry from which we and others hew such fragments as are required—delighted to people it with such of the great men of the past as ever came near Rugby, and to fancy Cromwell, William III., and others halting at it. And if this makes some demand on the imagination, there are other more stable facts. In the Pond Close, the portion of the grounds better known nowadays as the Pontines, and the southern part of the Old Bigside, stood an old thirteenth-century building, a moated grange, belonging to the monks of the great Cistercian Abbey of Pipewell, in Northamptonshire. This abbey possessed lands at Rugby. It does not appear that the school authorities, long accustomed to the narrow bounds of the churchyard as a playground, felt at first a desire to use all the space which they now had acquired as a playground. The old grange was not finally removed and the moat filled up till 1816. A little to the east of

the grange stands the island, now a somewhat ragged and unsightly mound, with some slight traces of the old moat which gave it its name. The same great authority to whom allusion has been made traced back its history to the ancient British tribe of the Dobuni: they raised it, he assures us, with a combined purpose of honour and utility—honour to some old chieftain whose bones found a resting-place in it, utility to themselves in making it one of a series of mounds along their frontier, which served both as fortresses and as stations for some early kind of signalling. Centuries passed away, and the monks of Pipewell established themselves in the Close, and dug the ditch round the island deeper, making it into a stew for their fish. A few more centuries depart, the quiet precincts of the monks have become the playground of the school, and the old island and its moat have more than one quaint tale to tell. There, for instance, in 1797, the crowning incident took place in Rugby's great rebellion. The boys had blown open the door of the Head Master's School with a petard, broken the windows, ransacked the form-rooms, and, in fact, gone through all the early stages of a rebellion in most orthodox fashion.

Then and there was hurrying to and fro, but, alas! the assistant masters could not be found: "The two Sleaths, one afterwards Head Master of Repton, and the other High Master of St. Paul's, were trolling at Sleath's; another master was out shooting rabbits at Brinklow." The Head Master, Dr. Ingles, had secured himself in his study. The rebels were having a glorious bonfire in the Close, the paraphernalia of work, benches, desks, books, and all were blazing away. The rest of the account, in the "Companion to the Rugby School Register," is too graphic to be omitted. "Mr. Butlin, the banker, now applied to the dealers attending the great Horse Fair to give their aid in suppressing the meeting. At the head of this body, armed with horse-whips, and a party of soldiers then recruiting in the town, he advanced into the Close. On this unexpected appearance, the insurgents, finding themselves far outnumbered, left the scene of conflagration, and rapidly retreated to the Island. The present small ditch was then a moat, from four to six feet deep, full of water, and from twenty to thirty feet wide; a wooden drawbridge, with a spiked gate in the centre, crossed this trench at the place



DR. ARNOLD'S TABLE.



RUGBY SCHOOL AS IT APPEARED IN 1800.



THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. V.



RUGBY SCHOOL, FROM THE CLOSE.



where the cricket pavilion now stands. This was raised from the inside, as the army of the enemy approached and surrounded the stronghold. But while the attention of the garrison was directed to William Butlin, Esq., who advanced to the side of the moat reading the Riot Act and exhibiting a constable's staff, and called on the mutineers to surrender, in another quarter the recruiting party waded through the moat, entered the fort, and now no resistance was made." Truly, no milk-and-water business, but a noteworthy rebellion, this!

A generation or two later the Island became the abode of a most curious custom. Tom Brown (we beg pardon, T. Hughes, Esq., Q.C., &c.—to Rugbeians ever a *venerabile nomen*) has lately written a most entertaining account of the custom of Island fagging, as it existed some sixty years ago. The Island was sacred to the Sixth, who spared no pains to make their narrow domain presentable at Speech Day, which in that period took place at Easter. Behold, then, on some bleak afternoon in March, a line of Sixth, proclaiming, "Island Fagging!" as the fags come out of calling-over. A line is marshalled under the big elms near the school buildings; the signal is given, and, pell mell, away scurry the eighty or ninety boys, racing to the bridge over the moat. The first six in are excused; six more, the first and boldest to volunteer to jump the moat—an almost impossible feat—are let off; and business begins. The island was divided into many little plots, appropriated to this or that Sixth Form fellow. Five or six fags were set hard at work to "dig" each garden. What a digging! There was little or no soil to be dug, nothing to dig it with but sharpened sticks, old knives, or stumps of fives bats. However, the stones were scratched enough at last, and another day was devoted to "turf-cart," an expedition to some neighbouring field, from which turf enough could be appropriated to make borders round the beds ready for Speech Day. One act only of the comedy remained. It was no use to try and grow flowers in such unpromising soil. The only thing was to get them ready grown, and this the luckless fags did, sadly, it is to be feared, to the detriment of gardens on the Hillmorton Road. At last came Speech Day, with a solemn procession of visitors across the Close to view the gardens, and to utter compliments, which were at all events kindly, on the skill of the gardeners. Readers of "Tom Brown" will remember how the Doctor got wind of these somewhat original methods of gardening, and changed the use, or perhaps the abuse, of the Island by making it the home of some gymnastic apparatus. One or two seedy-looking poles still remain among the trees to remind the passer-by of the oddities of the past.

There still live old Rugbeians who have been heard to say that they do not find looking on at a football-match in the Close so interesting as it was in their days, before the rules of the game had been altered, and this carrying of the ball allowed. So recent is the beginning of Rugby football! In the schooldays of Mr. M. H. Bloxam such a thing as running with the ball was unknown. A player might catch the ball full, but must then either kick it himself, or place it for someone else to kick, at any point behind the spot on which he caught it. It was in 1823 that a town-boy, William Webb Ellis (let the name be recorded in full of the father of Rugby football), first took it into his head, when he had caught the ball, to rush forward with it in his hands. But the change was not highly appreciated at first; and it was not till a few years later that it became the distinctive feature of the Rugby game.

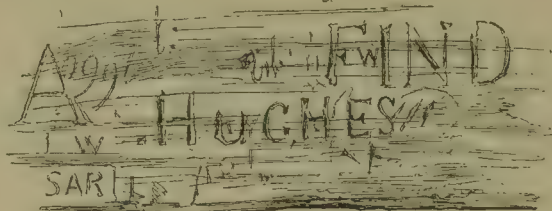
Every Rugby boy loves the Close more than aught else about his school. 'Tis a glorious expanse of level turf, shaded by lines of gigantic elms, stretching right away from the line of school buildings. These elms are the relics of the dividing lines which separated the different fields of the estate purchased in 1750. That one old veteran, standing boldly out all alone on Bigside ground, ten yards or so in play, and in front of the line of other trees, has a fame of his own: it is the last of the Three Trees, once the scene of many a furious scrimmage in the Sixth and Old Rug and other matches. Nowadays the Close extends far beyond Old Bigside, and is more than half as big again as it once was. In 1750 it stopped short along the line of trees at the south of Old Bigside; beyond that there was open common land. Then came enclosure and allotment. This portion was assigned to the school, and, after being for many years the Head Master's dairy farm, it was in Dr. Goulburn's time taken into the Close, which thus assumed its present proportions. Round the Close are dotted racquets and fives courts, pavilions, gymnasium, and workshop, and last but not least the fine swimming-bath, with the inscription "Rugbeiensibus Rugbeiensis," the munificent gift of the late Head Master, Dr. Jex Blake.

But we have been carried on too fast round and about the Close. It is necessary to return for awhile to the old Manor House of 1750, and to some of its successive occupants. The trustees speedily erected a school-room, with a large apsidal window looking on to the Close, and "a handsome porch, according to the rules of the Doric order." This sufficed for a few years. Then, in 1778, there came to the school a man who soon raised it to a high place. This was Dr. Thomas James. Educated at Eton and at King's College, he brought to Rugby the best methods of the time. The numbers sprang up, and are said to have been as high as two hundred and forty-five during his tenure of the mastership. As boys multiplied, so buildings had to increase. New schools were built, and certain barn-like buildings, which must originally have been farm buildings attached to the Manor House, were, as far as possible, adapted for school use. In 1809, just before all these sheds and outhouses were doomed, along with the old Manor House itself, and the school-room, Doric porch and all, a sketch of them was made by Mr. E. Pretty, then drawing master in the school, presenting their curious aspect from the Close. The buildings were, perhaps, more suited for a remarkable ceremony called "clodding" than for teaching purposes. Mr. M. H. Bloxam, who was old enough to remember the custom, though not to undergo it himself, thus describes "clodding," which died out when the old sheds came down: "When one went from the Upper Remove into the Fifth Form, the novice had to undergo the operation of clodding. Clods of plastic soil were prepared by fags from the slimy banks of the square pool. These were kneaded into balls, and dried, ready for action. The novices of the Fifth Form had to run the gauntlet along the sheds, and were pelted at by their elders in the Fifth Form, according to custom." "Chairing," not unaccompanied with pinching on tender portions of the person, and "buffeting" were the customary rewards of industry, on promotion into certain other forms.

Dr. James raised Rugby to a high position among the schools of England. "Good school, Rugby," George III. is reported to have said. "Good scholar, Dr. James; very good scholar." He was succeeded by another Etonian, Dr. Henry Ingles, the hero of the great rebellion already described. Next to him came Dr. John Woolf, in 1807, and in his time again bricks and mortar were busy: the old premises came down bit by bit, and in their place arose the present School-house, form-rooms, and Old Quadrangle. The change occupied some years—from 1809 to 1814. A few years later the foundation-stone of the old chapel was laid, and before Arnold came, in 1828, that

unpretending building arose, the interior of which possessed "the beautiful proportions of three cubes," being ninety feet long by thirty broad and thirty high to the flat ceiling. From the day that it was finished, this chapel was seldom left long unaltered, till finally, after the tercentenary, it was all removed except a small portion of the west end, to be succeeded by the present erection, of which Mr. Butterfield was the architect, and which is admired by some persons.

In 1827 Dr. Woolf resigned, after twenty-one years' work. Among the candidates for the post of Head Master was Thomas Arnold, then a private tutor at Laleham, little known to fame, but possessing the entire confidence of all who knew him. Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel, wrote to the trustees, predicting



OLD BOARD, WITH NAMES.

that if Arnold were elected he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England. Perhaps this prophecy might have been fulfilled with more absolute exactness if the Provost had said not "the face" but "the spirit of education." Arnold owed much to his own old school, Winchester, to the influence of his own headmaster, Dr. Goddard, to the ancient system of government of the school society by preceptors or prefects. Rugby was a great school under his predecessors; Arnold was anxious to preserve the old school constitution as far as possible, and "he was very careful not to break through any customs which connected the institution, however slightly, with the past." But Arnold had the keenest realisation of the peculiarities of the English public-school system, both of the elements of danger and of the possibilities of good which that system possessed. His mind was ever busy with the problem how to discourage the elements of bad, and to foster and call out the elements of good; how to implant a spirit of Christian manliness, how to evoke all that was noble in boyish character, how to get boys and masters to work together for the common good of their society; how, in a word, to realise his own noble words—"It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen."

But where Stanley and Hughes have gone before, there is little need to follow. The "Life of Arnold" and "Tom Brown's Schooldays" are read wherever any interest is taken in English schools. Nay, through these books Arnold's influence has spread far away across the Atlantic. Not many weeks pass in the summer terms without the ears of master or School-house boy, as he stands in the Quadrangle, being saluted with some such request as this: "Excuse me, Sir, but could you tell me which is Arnold's school?" or his grave, or his

School, a room gaunt and grim, with dust-begrimed lists of the exhibitors painted on the panels; then through to the New Quadrangle and the Chapel. But here all has the aspect of newness, and the name inscribed on the walls is not that of Arnold, but of the greatest of his successors, Frederick Temple. It was fortunate for the school that at the time of the tercentenary it was not in one of its occasional periods of weakness, but in the height of prosperity and power. This was due to the splendid vigour of the rule of Bishop Temple. It is meet and right that the enlarged Chapel and the New Quadrangle bear his name on their walls, while the great library and art museum are named direct from him. But our visitor is in search of memorials of Arnold. He enters into the Chapel and gazes on the plain grey slab with the simple inscription, "Thomas Arnold," which marks the spot where his body was laid to rest under the communion table of the old chapel. In the north transept is his monument, with recumbent figure, and an inscription by his great friend Bunsen, recording how he lived and loved and taught—

IVVENUM ANIMOS MONUMENTUM SIBI DELIGENS.

In recent years a beautiful figure of Dean Stanley has been placed in fitting position below the monument of the much-loved master, of whom, as the inscription says, he gave us so admirable a picture, "Huiusce scholæ et supra iacentis magistri interpres unicus."

In the Chapel vestry there remain two more slight memorials of Arnold—the simple chair and table which he used when teaching the Sixth. The following inscriptions, composed by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, have been placed upon them—

*Hæc Tabula*

*Thomæ Arnoldi*

*Libros Chartas Manus*

*Inter Discipulos Disserentis Scribentis Orantis*

*Annos XIV. Sustinebat.*

and—

*In Hæc Sella*

*Arnoldus*

*Litteras Docebat*

*Sacras Scripturas Aperiebat*

*Ad Virtutis Veritatisque Amorem*

*Domini Iesu Christi Imitationem*

*Voce Fronte Moribus*

*Suos Ereitabat.*

Arnold himself was at times grieved at the thought of the school's "total barrenness of historical associations." The Rugbeian of the present day is happy in the possession of these memorials of Arnold: is not devoid of pride in the thought that, through his pupils, Arnold's spirit has been carried to many, especially among the younger public schools; may be content if he can even faintly reproduce in his own school-life the high ideal and the noble spirit of the great Head Master!

#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Two interesting facts about the new Archbishop of York have not found their way into any published memoir. The first is that his father was originally Episcopalian and that his ancestors were all of that Church. One of his Presbyterian brothers—and a very staunch Presbyterian—thus wrote on his appointment to the See of Lichfield: "I don't know if you are aware that there is a strong Episcopal *heredity* in our stock. All my father's *forebears* were Episcopal, and he himself was so till he married, in 1811, the granddaughter and great-granddaughter of ministers of the parish of Ayr. Three of my brothers have stuck to the Episcopal side of things."

The next is that he derives his name "Dalrymple" from an ancestor immortalised by Burns. Dalrymple was minister of Ayr, and baptised Burns. He was noted for his benevolent character and the breadth of his theological opinions. Indeed, he was suspected of a leaning to Unitarianism, which drew from Burns the famous verse—

Dalrymple mild, Dalrymple mild,  
Though your heart's like a child,  
An' your lip's like the new driv'n snaw;  
Yet that winna save ye,  
An' Satan must have ye  
For preaching that three's ane and twa.

It is fair to say that Dalrymple's friends protested against this interpretation of his creed.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr, in her newly published book on Browning, mentions that among his most intimate clerical friends of later days was the Rev. J. D. Williams of Bottisham, in Cambridgeshire. Mr. Williams had a distinguished University career. Among other honours, he was Browne's Medallist in 1849. He is, it is almost needless to say, a Welshman, and was for many years head master of a school at Brecknock. It may be hoped that this elegant scholar will yet publish some of his admirable translations from Browning.

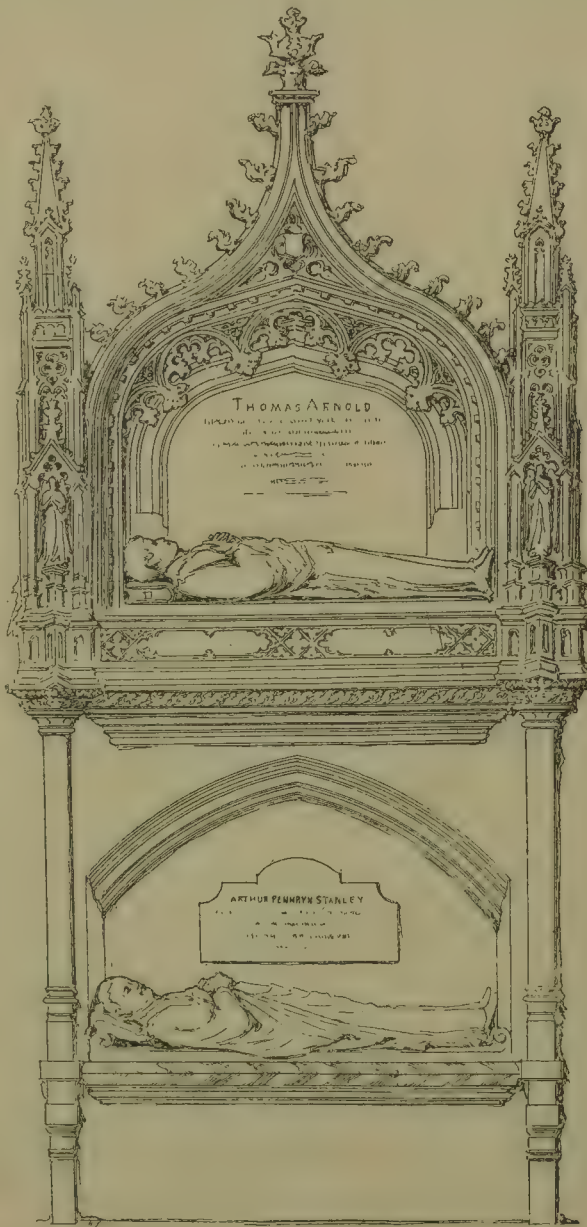
Nobody writes more quaintly characteristic biographical sketches than Professor J. E. B. Mayor. He will probably never surpass his portrait of Isaac Todhunter, but the review of Dr. Luard's life, which he is lovingly elaborating, is not far behind it. It comes out that Luard wrote the generous estimate of Maurice which appeared in the *Church Quarterly Review*. He was as blunt as Tennyson in expressing his contempt for the college council, which "thundered anathemas" at the Professor. "At this distance of time, we cannot but feel that it was really cowardice that prompted the attack. . . . The council must have known that they were acting not in obedience to the calls of truth but to the calls of certain writers in journals."

It is interesting to know that Luard considered Porson a finer scholar than Bentley. He maintained that Porson was a man of great moral worth in spite of his sad faults, because he had so sincere a love of truth and such an utter contempt for money.

The Rev. W. A. Whitworth, of All Saints', Margaret Street, has alienated many of his worshippers by conforming to the Lambeth judgment. The offertory has fallen off so markedly that the Pentonville Mission has had to be dropped.

It is stated that Lord Penzance has not yet fixed any date for the hearing of the further proceedings against the Rev. J. Bell-Cox. The Rev. A. H. Payne, curate of St. Margaret's, Prince's Road, has been lying seriously ill with scarlet fever. This has considerably added to Mr. Bell-Cox's anxieties at the present time.

The judges appointed to hear the appeal against the Bishop of Lincoln are not yet announced, but it is stated that Dr. Ryle, Bishop of Liverpool, will not be able to take his place as one of the assessors, owing to recent illness. The latest reports of his medical attendant are, however, more favourable. The Bishop of Lincoln is also suffering from indisposition, said to be the result of mental strain and overwork.



ARNOLD AND STANLEY MONUMENTS.

memorial. The slight difference of accent in which the words are uttered proclaims the Transatlantic cousin. And the guide, pleased at the signs of this wide interest in Rugby, takes the visitor up the winding stair into the form-room above the gateway in which Arnold taught. He shows him the tiny table-tops, now affixed to the wall, on which are carved the names of many well-known Rugbeians; he takes him across the Quadrangle into the School-house Hall, and points out the scene of the encounter with Flashman, and the fireplace where Tom Brown was nearly roasted alive; then to the old Big





THE OLD SIXTH SCHOOL.



THE ISLAND.



## NOTES OF GREEK TRAVEL.

## II.—OLYMPIA.

BY GEORGE A. MACMILLAN.

Time was when a visit to Olympia meant a long ride and very poor accommodation. Now there is a railway from Patras to Pyrgos, a town of considerable size, and a very fair carriage



THE HEAD OF HERMES.

road from Pyrgos to Olympia, while at Pyrgos there are two hotels quite reasonably good. And, after all, railways have not as yet done so much as might be supposed to destroy the charms of Greek travel. The lines are laid, as it were, across country without elaborate enclosures; the trains are few and far between, and their movements are so deliberate as to allow ample time for the enjoyment of the scenery. Whenever the train stops, the native passengers jump out and stroll about until the guard's warning cry hurries them back into the carriages. The people in the fields gaze with interest at the unwonted sight, and the very dogs bark as the train glides by. From Patras to Pyrgos the journey is full of beauty and interest, and, as we saw it in the early days of March, with brilliant sunshine lighting up the still snow-capped mountains, the flower-spangled ground, and the deep blue waters of the Corinthian Gulf, nothing could have been more delightful. At one time our way lay for miles through an old oak forest, in which occasional flocks of sheep and goats wandered, under the care of shepherds, who, with their rough sheepskin cloak, leggings, cap, and crook, long hair and shaggy beard, can have differed but little in garb and aspect from Eumæus in the Odyssey. Anon we passed through acres of olives or currant vines, where the soil was being worked by rows of men in picturesque dress wielding the mattock with rhythmic swing. Scattered villages were to be seen now and again either on the plain or inland on the slopes of the mountains. Seaward, as the sun went down, the rugged outline of Kephallonia and of Ithaca were seen through a golden haze. Yet later the peaks of Zante were faintly visible on the western horizon. It was dark before we reached Pyrgos and drove to our hotel, where we were ushered into rooms which, we were assured, had been occupied not many months before by the Czarewitch and his suite.

We started before six the next morning to drive to Olympia. Even at that early hour the streets were crowded with men gathered to talk before beginning the day's work. Only by constant shouting and cracking of his whip could our driver make his way through them. Once out of the town, the road is in places extremely rough, but the beauty of the country is enough to make up for it. In the plain, the silver grey of the olive, and the young green corn; on the low hillsides and in the hollows, a luxuriant undergrowth of arbutus, lentisk, and other evergreen shrubs, relieved occasionally by the rich foliage of the Lepanto pine, and underfoot by patches of anemone and iris; in the distance, all around, the mountains which make so invariable a feature in Greek landscape, rising eastward to the snow peaks of Arcadia. Here were materials which the magic touch of sunshine in an atmosphere spark-

lingly been combined into a succession of charming pictures. And the human element, here as elsewhere in the country parts of Greece, rather enhanced than took away from the beauty of the landscape. Of women, few were to be seen, and those mostly in the villages scattered along the road. But the men, whether working in the fields or striding along the road, or even sitting sideways on their mules, were always graceful in movement and attitude, while their costume, varying from jacket and fustanella to white sheepskin cloak and leggings, or linen smock of white or blue, was never otherwise than harmonious and picturesque.

But when we reached Olympia, it was the glory of the past rather than the beauty of the present which claimed our attention. Not much is left of the wealth of art which was accumulated in this spot when the recurring festivals drew men thither from all parts of the Greek and, later, even of the Roman world. For what there is we have to thank, chiefly, the beneficent agency of landslip and river, which buried and preserved it until the zeal and liberality of the Germans once more restored it to the light of day. Above all, we have to be thankful for the preservation of the Hermes of Praxiteles, which, when I last visited Olympia, in April 1877, was still undreamt of, but was found only three weeks later, lying face downwards, at the bottom of one of the trenches which the excavators were running across the precincts of the Temple of Hera. The discovery of this most perfect work of the Greek chisel was alone worth the whole expense of the German excavations, just as to see it now is alone worth the journey to Greece. For no cast, no photograph, gives one any idea of the splendour of the original. The contrast in artistic effect between marble and plaster-of-Paris is always great; but in this case the marble has a peculiarly rich tone, which seems almost to reproduce the warmth of flesh, the glow of life, while the delicate modelling of the surface makes one wish—vainly enough!—that any of the masterpieces of Pheidias or of Scopas had come to us in as perfect condition. As one sees the great statue now, beautifully placed in the new museum at Olympia, one can enter into the feelings which must have inspired the artist in his noble conception—so truly divine is the beauty of the face, the dignity of the attitude, the perfection of the workmanship!

Of the other contents of the museum, interesting as they are, and illustrating almost every period of Greek sculpture, I will mention only the pediment groups of the great Temple of Zeus. These were designed, if not executed, by Alcamenes and Pæonius, sculptors accounted in their day second only to Pheidias, whose chryselephantine statue of Zeus adorned the same temple. In spite of some rudeness of execution, and the loss of important parts of the composition, the general effect of these groups, as they are now arranged in an admirably lighted room, is very striking. To give some idea of the style, I reproduce here part of a recumbent figure which occupied one of the corners of the western pediment, which was the work of Alcamenes, and represented the battle of the Centaurs and the Lapiths.

The museum contains the chief works of art found at Olympia, but not less interesting is the actual site of the

ancient temples and other buildings connected with the great festival. Unhappily, all are in absolute ruin, and the ground-plan only is clear. But even from this it is possible in imagination to reconstruct the scene as it must have been when all was yet perfect. Gymnasium, palestra, temple, council-chamber, treasure-house, portico, and stadium stood side by side in an area comparatively small; and in every vacant space, as we know from Pausanias, were endless rows of statues and votive offerings. The period of the buildings identified, ranging from the Temple of Hera, now thought to be the oldest in Greece, to the palace of Nero, reminds one, moreover, of the centuries of fame enjoyed by the Olympic games.

A last word is due to the natural surroundings. From the rounded hill of Kronos, which rises immediately above the sacred precincts, the view southward, across the rich alluvial plain of the Alpheus, to the wooded mountains, which part Elis from Messenia, is romantically beautiful. A silver gleam here and there in the plain reveals the Alpheus making its way towards the sea, of which a faint glimmer appears on the western horizon. To the right is the undulating region through which we have come from Pyrgos, separated from us by the narrow valley of the Kladeus rushing down from the northern islands of Elis to join the Alpheus. Eastward the main valley runs up towards the mountains of Arcadia. With no actual forest, the trees are so thickly scattered on the hills, the vegetation in the lower ground is so luxuriant, that the



RECUMBENT FIGURE FROM WESTERN PEDIMENT OF TEMPLE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA.

effect is rich in the extreme, especially when, as we saw it, the whole landscape is bathed in glorious sunshine. It is wonderful, too, how Nature has already done her best to beautify the area of the excavations, hiding the rude traces of pick and shovel with a veil of herbage and of flowers. Looking down upon the expanse of broken columns, ruined walls, fragments of arch and pedestal, rising out of this wealth of vegetation, one feels that, however much one might wish to see such a scene in its pristine perfection, the beauty of decay, the pathos of departed glory, have a charm of their own, which we could ill afford to lose.



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF HERA AT OLYMPIA, FROM THE WEST.





1. H.M.S. Investigator at Winter Quarters in  
Mercy Bay.  
2, 3. Arctic Groups in Franklin Gallery.

4. The Old Goodwin Lightship.  
5. The Old Smalls Light, 1776.  
6. Well or Dudgeon Lightship, 1786.

7. The Maplin Light, 1838.  
8. The New Eddystone Lighthouse.  
9. The Grounds at Night.



## THE SOCIÉTÉ NATIONALE DES BEAUX-ARTS.

The contrast between the old Salon and its young offshoot in the Champs de Mars is quite as marked in this, the second year of the latter's existence. The apostles of a new movement in art have separated from the heterogeneous collection of all styles that one sees at the Palais de l'Industrie and have migrated to the new Salon, where their combined work makes a much more powerful impression on the spectator than when it was scattered and lost among the numberless rooms of the old Salon.

It is quite evident that the new society has absorbed a good deal of the younger and more original talent among French painters, as well as, perhaps, the inevitable accompaniment of eccentricity, all of which make the exhibition the more interesting since it shows the tendency of what is most vital and progressive in present artistic thought. There are many other men at the new Salon, of acknowledged reputation, who do not participate in this movement—men like Carolus Duran, Puvis de Chavannes, and others. But what makes the exhibition most distinctive is the work of these younger artists. Although not impressionists according to the popular meaning of that vaguely used term, they are fond of dealing with varying effects and conditions of light and air and movement, and they study these qualities as ends in themselves, and not as means of expressing an idea or motive. So it happens that their pictures are mostly trivial in subject, and their merit lies in a happy arrangement and lighting of the picture, and a quality of atmosphere rather than in the conception of a fine idea. There are, however, one or two men who combine these qualities with the rendering of an interesting subject. Dagnan Bouveret's picture of "Les Conscrips" is an example.

To consider the exhibition in detail, it is noticeable that there are very few pictures of a great size, and one of the best of these is Binet's "La Sortie: Siège de Paris 1870," a large design for the Hôtel de Ville, admirable both in spirit and execution.

M. Puvis de Chavannes, the new president, is not at his best this year, although his canvas for the Hôtel de Ville, called "L'Été," is a remarkable work. He has two other decorative panels, which are less interesting. Carolus Duran sends nine portraits, which are neither better nor worse than any he has done these last five years.

In "Les Conscrips" Dagnan Bouveret has attempted a picture on a larger scale than he has been accustomed to, and, in consequence, he has had to adopt a larger method of handling, which accounts for a certain appearance of looseness in places; but for all that the picture is one of the most complete in the galleries. The same artist sends a small study of a girl's head.

La Touche has not less than eight this year, three of which are of importance. "L'enfant au chat" and the "Nursery" are both charming arrangements of light and colour. An engraving of the former recently appeared in these pages.

Zorn contributes several portraits and a wonderfully clever picture of a ball-room, completely convincing in its truth of movement and lighting. His portraits have the same qualities combined with a real grasp of character. His "Cocher de Soleil" is a study of the nude in the open air, under a warm evening light.

Prinet, like Zorn, has attempted to paint a dance in seeking for the same attributes. His picture is clever enough, but is heavy and rather leaden in colour. Besnard, in comparison with his achievement of last year, is quite self-restrained and moderate. His portrait of M. and Madame Ch— is a complete success, and almost the same may be said of his portrait of two young ladies.

The picture that has created more sensation with the public than almost any other is Béraud's "La Madeleine chez les Phariséens." The well-known incident is in this case supposed to take place in a modern Parisian dining-room, and all the figures, except the central one of Christ, are dressed in the height of the present fashion.

A more consistent treatment of another religious subject is Skredvig's canvas of Christ blessing the little children, called "Le fils de l'homme," in which the painter has not shown any incongruity in the costume. It might, in fact, be a scene in a Scandinavian village.

There is little to be said about M. Deschamps' pictures this year. They are not much more than clever, tricky studies. Ribot, whose chief aim appears to be to get in his canvases the rich mellow tone that time has given to the old masters, has nothing in quality above his ordinary average.

The portrait of Coquelin the younger, by Muenier, is the best piece of character-painting in the galleries, and as fine and delicate in drawing as anything the artist has shown us. Another picture of his, "Le Catechisme," is a most careful and refined piece of painting.

Friant has two portraits of Coquelin—one of the actor in costume, the other of him in his study, in company with his son. The latter is the better of the two. The lamplight effect called "Ombres Portées" is a first-rate study of light and shade, admirably drawn. The man's head is, however, a trifle grotesque. The work of Muenier suggests that of Point; and the latter, although not such a promising artist as Muenier, has a good deal in common with him. He is apt to overdo the pale-greenish colour which he affects in his pictures, but, in spite of that, his design "Mélancolie" is very suggestive.

Courtois, with the exception of a decorative panel for the foyer of the Odéon, has sent only portraits. That of Madame Gautreau is remarkable for the peculiar chalky, colourless tint of the flesh, and also for the striking resemblance to the famous portrait by Francesca, in the National Gallery of London.

This year Aublet is disappointing. With the exception of a very clever little study of sunlight on the seashore, not one out of his eleven pictures is noticeably attractive.

Roll's portraits are always very fine in colour, but they frequently fall short of complete success by being weakly drawn. The little water-colour sketch of Meissonier, "La Barricade," is very vigorous, and does not lose anything from not being highly finished. The seascapes of Alexander Harrison and those of Henry Moore are excellent in the rendering of the

movement and colour of the sea. Uhde has only a portrait, which is a trifle confused in tone. The snow scene of Verstraete is a conscientious though uninteresting piece of work, too large in size for the importance of the subject.

Edelfelt has a "Mary Magdalen," an illustration of a Finnish legend, which is treated in a naturalistic spirit. Although it has many of the painter's good qualities in the treatment of light, we are not much impressed by it. The landscapes of Billotte and Montenard are truthful in effect of tone and colour, although we must take exception to M. Montenard's study of sea.

Both Carrière and Boldini are well represented; and Dumoulin, Cazin, Damoye, Boutet de Monvel, and several others send many good paintings.

We have little space for the description of the many fine pastels and water-colour drawings to which Carrier-Belleuse, Boldini, Muenier, and Zorn contribute.

The sculpture, which is this year arranged in a large hall on the ground floor, is chiefly remarkable for M. Rodin's bust of Puvis de Chavannes, and the work of Dalou and Vallgren, and also the strange monument designed by Bartholomé.

## TOWER OF LONDON PROMENADE.

Between the moat and the ancient Tower of London—which, instead of water, now contains the garden-plots of the Beef-eaters, who have turned their swords into instruments for the cultivation of carrots and other homely vegetables—and the Thames is a wide promenade known as the Tower Wharf, with a broad gravelled walk, healthy patches of grass, a few new benches, and some old-fashioned cannon. This wharf has long been the private territory of the Yeomen of the Guard and other inhabitants of the Tower. Visitors who paid a shilling for admission to the Tower were not permitted to approach it. About a month ago this exclusive rule was broken down, and the public were allowed access to the wharf on Saturdays and Sundays within certain hours and under certain conditions. The East-End M.P. who had been instrumental in obtaining this concession was shocked to find that visitors to gain admission "must be properly dressed." These are the words of the regulation: "All visitors must be properly dressed." Now, it is a lamentable fact that in the purlieus of Whitechapel hard by "proper dress"—as it might be interpreted by the Beef-eaters and the sentries—is about



THE RIVERSIDE PROMENADE, TOWER OF LONDON.

as rare as green fields, and it was because of the want of open spaces in the neighbourhood that admission to the wharf was asked and granted. The public have been in possession of the gardens on the north side of the Tower for some time. The wide moat which surrounds the ancient buildings—except where the gardens are—is occupied every Saturday by hundreds of Whitechapel children, playing cricket and other games. The restriction as to dress is quite unusual, and, as a sentry armed with a rifle has to enforce it, may deter many of the poorly clad denizens of Whitechapel from approaching the wharf. At present the wharf, on public days, is used as a promenade by visitors to the Tower.

In one of the Illustrations of Derby in our last week's issue, the famous church of All Saints—the distinctive feature of Derby—was inadvertently described as St. Andrew's Church.

A magnificent stained-glass window, designed by Mr. Pearson, was unveiled on May 30 in the parish church, Hythe, by the Dean of Canterbury, in memory of Lady Watkin, wife of the borough member, Sir E. Watkin. The window was subscribed for by Sir Edward's constituents, in memory of Lady Watkin's kindness to the poor of Hythe and Folkestone.

The young Queen of Holland laid the first stone of the new hospital at Amsterdam on May 28. A cantata was sung by 5000 children and 600 adults, and there were six military bands. A deputation from the Isle of Marken, in their picturesque costume, presented flowers, and the various trade unions and gymnastic societies of Amsterdam defiled before the Queen and the Queen-Regent.

The beautiful old mansion of Sir Charles Frenke, known as Bank Grove, Kingston-on-Thames, has been turned into a good social club, of non-political character, to be called the Albany. With seven acres of timbered grounds, a landing-stage for the use of boats, and kindred advantages, the club should not lack patronage. Viscount Melville, Sir Frederick Milner, and General Sir O. Cavenagh are on the committee of management. The secretary is the Hon. W. W. Dundas.

In order to facilitate the dredging operations now in progress at Dieppe Harbour, the commencement of the summer day service between London and Paris via New-haven and Dieppe will, this year, be postponed until July 1, when it is confidently expected a sufficient depth of water will be obtained in that harbour to allow of uninterrupted fixed daily services. The night service, however, will be run as usual from Victoria at 8.50 p.m., and from London Bridge at 9 p.m., arriving in Paris at 8 a.m. every week-day and Sunday.

## THE UTILISATION OF BELIEF.

BY ANDREW LANG.

We hear laments for the Ages of Faith, wherein, if there were any use in it, I could join; for the Ages of Faith believed in all the best sort of things. Putting religion aside, though there, too, they had the better of it, they believed in everything delightful—in fairies, in the elixir of life, in the philosopher's stone, in the fountain of youth, in a menagerie of pleasing beasts and birds such as Nature has long ceased to produce. She still makes very curious fishes, and lobsters, and odd animals in Australia, but the mammoth is beyond her now, and the Ichthyosaurus is an exercise which she will not presently repeat. The Ages of Faith, seeing no limit to what might happen, were greatly blessed, and, as far as natural eccentricities go, they merely mistook the date. Animals as queer as they supposed to exist had existed, but had ceased to harmonise with their environment. We can no longer estimate the expanses of the possible in the Middle Ages. It was worth while to be a chemist, when you might any day come upon the perfect projection, when the red and green lions of alchemy might meet, and the elixir of life might glow in the crucible like a living rose. The traveller in the Old World might come to Mandeville's Valley of Devils. In the New World he might drink, not knowing it, of the water of youth, as it welled over the golden sands. He might see Prester John in the flesh, or come to Manoa, the City of the Sun, and to Eldorado. The ancient voyagers found miracles everywhere, as when the sun suddenly shone on the wrong side; there were giants and pigmies, much bigger or much smaller than the Patagonians or Mr. Stanley's friends; there were rocks and loadstone islands and valleys of diamonds in undemocratic abundance. All nature had rare powers, and gold could cure diseases, and the amethyst kept you sober however much you broke the pledge, and angels might meet you any day, and the charwoman might fly abroad on a broom-stick. I do not mean to say that she did not: the Psychological Society have still to examine the problem of levitation. We have lost more than science can ever gain for us by losing the beliefs which made the world "an unsubstantial fairy place." All these charming beliefs are dead, or, rather, are asleep. No good housemaid finds her work done by

the brownie, and a fairy sipping in her shoe—none but children, and few of them, see the little people in the forests of the long grass. Blake was the last man who beheld a fairy funeral. Such sights are far better than exhibitions of machinery, but such sights are no longer for us.

Yet, belief is not dead: it is as plentiful as ever. We have only chosen the least excellent things to rest our belief upon. There was Progress: how many believed in material and mechanical progress, in steam and schools and electricity? They were to make the world better and happier. Much good have they done the world, fostering only hurry and nervous disorders and discontent! We have raised these spirits, like Friar Bacon's unlucky pupil, these demons of progress, and we do not know the countercharm. Then there was belief enough to swallow Hegel and his philosophy (which, indeed, I am very happy to believe in still): what has become of all that mass of highly valuable faith? It is not dead; like all force, belief does not die, but is transmuted into some other creed.

Take the example of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, whose

biography Mrs. Oliphant has just given us. In a generation falsely called faithless, he believed—in the Prophet Harris! When the Prophet Harris had got the capital, and Mr. Oliphant the experience, he believed in the theory of *Sympneumata*. It were easier to believe in men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders; but there was Mr. Oliphant, with a faith that might have moved mountains, wasting it on *sympneumata*. Plenty of shrewd people, like Mrs. Besant, believe in Madame Blavatsky. That lady is dead, and it is a little unchivalrous to say injurious things about her: but conceive the mass and force of belief which people must have who give credit to her miracles! Almost anything might be done with that weight and volume of faith, if it were properly canalised and turned into the right direction. Why, it might bring fairies back, and sirens and nereids, and enchantment and transformations. It is surely as easy to believe in the singing women of the sea as in the disintegration of a teacup, or of a letter from a Mahatma. The Mahatmas, I am convinced, are as unlikely to be found in Tibet as Sir John's Valley of Devils. What we should try to do is to guide our beliefs in picturesque channels. That spirits knock on chairs and tables is as hard to credit as the apparition of the Laird of Cool, and his long and diverting conversation with the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie, late minister of the Gospel at Inverwick, in East Lothian. Cool informed Mr. Ogilvie, who met him riding, that "my horse is much like myself, for he is Andrew Johnston, my tenant, who died forty-eight hours before me." People accept the spirits in the tables, but I have never met the inquirer who could swallow Cool's statement about his horse. Yet that and much else was written down by Mr. Ogilvie, found in his papers after his decease, and published in a chap-book. Lately a young author of great promise died, and it is stated by her biographer that she had given up religion, but believed in Hylo-idealism. What Hylo-idealism may be, the intellect is much puzzled to conceive, but, as Huckleberry Finn says, "its statements, if interesting, are tough." Do you not find the statements of popular Darwinism "tough"? Yet they are widely credited by people who are "ready to believe anything, provided that it is not in the Bible," while yet others believe that Darwinism is in the Bible! What masses of faith are here, all wasted, and what a force of credulity is spent on the doctrines of Anglo-Israel! No, the Ages of Faith are not departed. Ours is an age of faith, but of faith in the wrong things—in things the least picturesque, the least poetical, the least rich in consolation. We live by faith, by faith we construct the world we live in, and our effort should be to construct it in a more sunny and engaging manner.



## LITERATURE.

## LIFE OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

Although, contrary to a statement which seemed to have some authority at the time of his death, two years and a half ago, the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant was her distant kinsman, Mrs. Margaret Oliphant's personal acquaintance with him began in 1867. Her skill as a biographer, amply proved by excellent works of this kind, would be sure to exhibit the interesting features of his singular character in the most effective light. But she has also, in an important part of her extensive and versatile literary labours, notably in the "Life of Edward Irving" and in more recent critical and imaginative essays, dealt rather largely with a special class of ideas and mental experiences which filled up the last twenty years of Laurence Oliphant's life. A religious mystic, joint-author with his wife, Alice Oliphant, of the "Symneumata," which influence he subsequently explained as "the Divine Feminine" in another book called "Scientific Religion," this enterprising gentleman, if he had never done or written anything else, might afford a profitable study of the capacity for theological or theosophic notions. If he may not rank in that department of history with such famous persons as St. Augustine, St. Francis of Assisi, Jacob Behmen, Ignatius Loyola, Swedenborg, or Edward Irving, his nearness to the social and intellectual conditions of our own time warrants a thoughtful scrutiny, as a curious and conspicuous example.

Mrs. Margaret Oliphant, then, is an expert who would seem peculiarly qualified to assess the value of these signs and symptoms in Laurence Oliphant's case. But she is content with relating and describing them, as facts, in that latter portion of his biography which occasionally, to some extent, came within her own personal cognisance. She did not know this clever, lively, agreeable, and amusing man, as he was known to other men some thirty years ago, before he took up with the spiritual guidance of Thomas Lake Harris. Many of his contemporaries in those days would have said that Laurence Oliphant, with his undeniable talents, his wit and fancy, his eager curiosity and restless quest of novelty, but with his intense craving of personal notoriety, his freakish delight in eccentricities of opinion and of behaviour, was entering on middle age without the sincerity of purpose or the settled balance of judgment proper to serious manhood. He had, like some other young men, travelled in several countries; had hunted elephants in India; had served in one or two subordinate posts, under Lord Elgin, in the United States, in Canada, in China, and Japan; had fought a gang of midnight assassins; had visited the camps of Garibaldi in Italy, and of Montenegrin, Circassian, Polish, and other insurgents, acting as *Times*' correspondent; and had explored the Black Sea coasts, while proposing schemes which were inexpedient or impracticable, thereby earning small favour at the Foreign Office. He had written two or three successful books of travel, and had got a seat in the House of Commons; but, possessing neither any marked ability for political controversy nor any strong party connection, nor the personal influence of wealth or family support, was never likely to become a commanding figure in public life. Mrs. Oliphant seems much to overrate the amount of his sacrifice, as she imagines it, of the opportunities of worldly ambition—which, in fact, did not lie within his reach—when he suddenly renounced the pleasant gaieties of a favourite of London fashionable society, and plunged for three years into the wild experiment of monastic communism, prompted by Prophet Harris, in the rustic pioneer settlement of Brocton, where he lived a rough and laborious life. He was somewhat blasé, disappointed, and bored. He sought a change, as many well-born Englishmen have chosen to do on colonial sheep-farms and cattle ranches of the Western Continent. It was no great act of faith. We do not impugn his transient belief, apparently inspired by his devout mother, a genuine religious enthusiast, in the supernatural mission of that perhaps self-deluded, but more than half-dishonest, fanatical impostor, the "Masollam" of a scathing satirical romance, by whose cunning wiles and cruel tyranny the Oliphants were long pitifully enslaved and tormented in various ways. Laurence Oliphant, ill-educated, illogical, ignorant of history and philosophy, devoid of solid learning and prone to fantastic conceits, was just the man to be duped by the artful inventor of a plausible new system of mystical superstition. He took care, nevertheless, to retain a legal hold over his pecuniary investment in the Brocton estate, which he was ultimately enabled to recover as his private property. In all external business affairs, and in superficial observation of the ways of the world, Oliphant was shrewd enough; it was the inner side of life, the ethical and emotional, in which moods and fancies need to be controlled by rational judgment, that betrayed his moral and intellectual weakness. There is a difference, after all, between cleverness and wisdom; a gallant chivalrous spirit is not the whole of manly virtue; and high nervous susceptibility to the sensations of awe and personal tenderness, through mediums of opposite sex, is scarcely identical with substantial religious convictions.

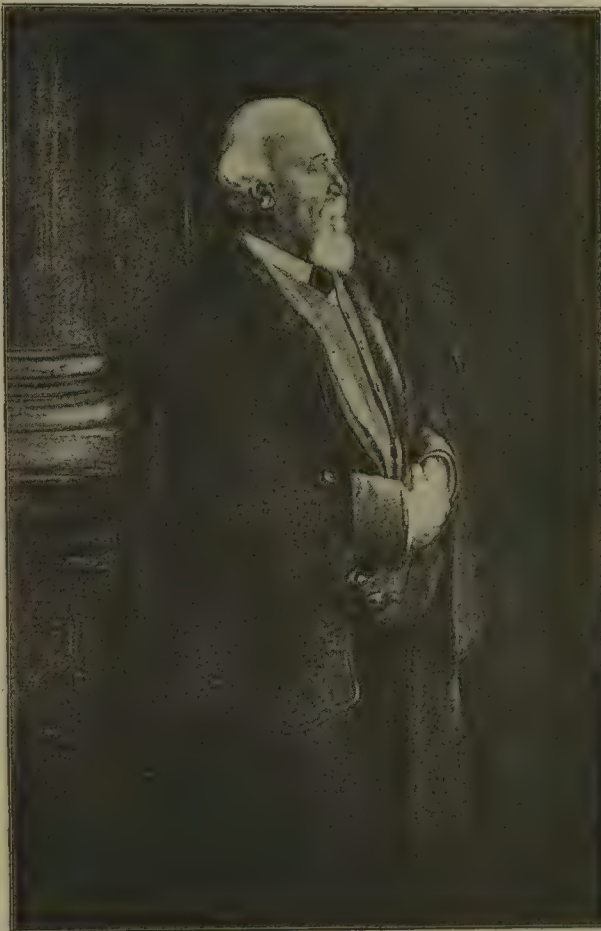
We cannot, therefore, accept the portraiture of Laurence Oliphant as that of a hero or a saint; and his pretensions to be a philosopher appear still more futile than his apostleship of a credible religion. In spite of a certain love of stirring adventures and brave outward activity, he lacked the firm mental fibre of a masculine character. He became the servile tool of an insolent spiritualist quack and atrocious bully, neglected his duties as a son and husband by abject submission to "Father" Harris, and hardly atoned for these derelictions by a tardy exhibition of conjugal fondness, combined with the invention of a new cult of "divine femininity," with Alice for its Pythonesse and Laurence for its Pontiff or High Priest. There is much interest in the characters of the two women—namely, Lady Oliphant, his mother, who was more like an elder sister, and Alice, his wife—one of the Norfolk family of Le Strange—to whose impassioned piety this eccentric dreamer and babblers of spiritualistic vagaries, in his latter days, owed the impulse of religiosity that carried him to the verge of unreason. Those two ladies, however mistaken, were pure-minded, sincere, and noble souls, free from the taint of egotistic vanity which remained in Laurence himself to the end of his life. That fault, indeed, the original sin of our poor human nature, has seldom been finally expunged in the hearts of would-be religious leaders. Apart from this, Laurence Oliphant, though he said, wrote, and did some foolish things, was a man of whom the world thinks kindly, and who was really better than the average man of the world. His biographer, not being a man, does not quite understand him; but she has performed her task with fidelity and discretion, simply recording her own dissent from his theological views. The idyllic passages of happy domestic life at Haifa, on the coast of Syria, are pleasant reading. The book, in two volumes, published by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, contains two good portraits of the husband and wife. It will obtain a large share of public attention, but does not much alter the opinion formed of its subject by those who knew Laurence Oliphant many years ago.

## MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR'S "BROWNING."

BY F. J. FURNIVALL.

Mrs. Orr, as one of the Leightons, was a family friend of Browning's, one of whom he thought highly, one to whom he often read his own works and those of other folk—her sight being weak—and with whom he discussed his poems. She wrote the Handbook to his works which is of most authority, and she was naturally selected as the proper person to write his Life. No one would expect from her a vivid picture of the dead poet, or any emotional recollections or estimate of him; but what the reader has a right to look for, that he has got—a simple and quietly sympathetic account of the author, the chief events of his life, and some of his main opinions. There is a certain tone of impersonality and aloofness in this book\* which other women would hardly have been able to maintain, but which Mrs. Orr has deliberately adopted, to the regret of those who would have liked to know more of her personal feelings towards her friend. Possibly these are not for the public ear.

The poet's earliest known forefather was, as I long since showed, a butler to Sir J. Banks, no doubt after having been page-boy and footman, and the son of a Dorsetshire labourer. His son, Thomas Browning II., kept a little inn on the chalk downs at Woodyates, nine miles south-west of Salisbury, and his grandson was the poet's grandfather, a clerk in the Bank of England. Mrs. Orr burlesques the butler and the innkeeper, and starts with the Bank clerk. He married a Miss Tittle, a creole of St. Kitts. When I asked an old friend of the family whether the poet had any Jewish blood in him, he said no, but that if I'd asked if Browning had dark blood, the answer would have been yes, as the poet's father and children were all "very dark," and he had little doubt that they had dark blood in them, though they grew lighter in later years. When I afterwards asked the members of the grandfather's second family about this dark blood in the first family, they said certainly there was dark blood in them. Our people often called them "the Niggers." Confirmatory stories left no doubt in my mind of the existence of this dark blood in Miss



ROBERT BROWNING.  
From a portrait by his son.

Title and her descendants; and Mrs. Orr's assertions to the contrary do not shake my belief, though one of my informants may have mistaken a date, and did call a son of a daughter of Browning's grandfather the poet's "nephew" instead of his "nephew of the half-blood." Browning himself called his uncle Reuben of the half-blood "uncle."

That there was a non-Teutonic element in Browning, shown by both his look and works, I think most of those who knew him will be willing to admit. It was supposed by many to be Jewish, but that I have disproved. From the information given to me by those who ought to know the facts, I suppose this element to have been Negro. At any rate, in him many strains met and crossed. From his father he inherited his love of books and art, his humour and versatility, his turn for poetry and Greek; from his German-Scotch mother, his nervous nature, his tendency to theology, music, and philosophy. He was educated mainly at home, and developed very early. He spouted poems before he was as high as the table, composed a volume of them before he was twelve, preached sermons to his sister, wrote plays for his schoolfellows, loved animals, wandered in Dulwich Wood, and published his first volume ("Pauline") before he was twenty-one. Quarles was the poet who had the earliest influence on him; then Shelley, Keats, and Landor. Byron, too, must have affected him, if we can trust his first critics, by whose warnings he was led to adopt the terse, abstruse style which has proved such a hindrance to his popularity. Unluckily, Browning never had the social discipline of a big school or college, though he mixed freely in the literary society of London from 1835 to 1844. Had he lived in close friendship with a good set at Balliol or Trinity, his poems would, I doubt not, have taken a happier form than "Sordello," and his companions would have brought the public to him a good deal quicker than they did. Macready's turning him to drama was also a misfortune. But when, in 1841-6, "Pippa Passes" and the "Dramatic Lyrics and Romances" came out, literary England ought to have recognised that a real poet had arisen. Even "Men and Women" (1855) did not rouse us to Browning's worth, and in 1860 Mrs. Browning justly wrote: "His treatment in England affects him, naturally, and for my part I set it down as an infamy. ... The blindness, deafness, and stupidity of the English public to Robert are amazing."

It was not till he got away from lengthy poems like

\* *Life and Letters of Robert Browning*. By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. Smith, Elder and Co. 1891.

"Paracelsus," "Sordello," and the drama, for which he had no vocation, as he had no stage-craft, that Browning's genius shone out. Then came the cloud of his wife's death, in 1861—that wife who had been, and thereafter ever was, his life's crown. Three years after, "Dramatis Personæ" showed the poet again at his brightest; and in 1868-9 came out his longest work, "The Ring and the Book," of which the gems are the addresses to his wife and the picture of her motherhood in "Pompilia." His Greek books followed, of which "Balaustion," the "beautiful misrepresentation of Euripides," as R. G. Moulton calls it, will probably alone survive, with some of the later "Dramatic Idylls," and other miscellaneous pieces. On Dec. 31, 1889, Browning's corpse was laid near Chaucer's in Westminster Abbey.

Mrs. Orr has given us many most interesting fresh details of the poet's early life and his marriage, for which all students of him will be grateful. Her extracts from Mrs. Browning's charming, chatty letters, too, light up the book. Mrs. Orr has also done a service to all Browning students by her plain statement about his theology. Her twentieth chapter is full of value. Here she seeks to "recall as far as possible the image of the man who lived, and worked, and loved, and was loved among us," his constancy to habit, optimism, belief in Providence, friendships, attitude towards his public and his work, his impulsiveness and reserve, benevolence, and attitude towards women. But the book gives one no vivid picture of the man, and no sufficient account of what he has done for the world, or of the specialties of his art or his rank in the poetic hierarchy. Probably, before the ideal Life of Browning can be written, many scores of his own letters will have to be printed, and all the hundreds of his wife's read which she wrote to him at one time day by day, and which he left to his son. Meantime, all lovers of the poet will be thankful to Mrs. Orr for what she has given them.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

The exhibition of the Hon. Stephen Coleridge's pictures of English lake scenery, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery, has a literary interest, for Mr. Coleridge has inherited the associations of his family with the country which is full of the memories of the Lake poets. In these landscapes there is a delicate perception of those qualities of the scenery which yielded so much inspiration to a notable school in our literature. Mr. Coleridge, by the way, has written a good deal of graceful verse and several stories.

There is something rather startling at first sight in the title of Mr. Leslie Thain's little volume of poems, "To Muriel Beatified." Is it possible that Miss Muriel Dowie is already a saint, and that the famous tartan cap of the Karpathians has been crowned by a halo? But Mr. Thain's heroine is a mysterious lady of high degree whose real name is concealed from the vulgar. "Her lofty rank is plainly hinted at," says the bard, and he apparently means something more august than the station even of a granddaughter of Robert Chambers. "I have throughout," he adds, "briefly asserted her to be good and beautiful and accomplished"; and he has done this within the compass of one hundred and forty pages. There is a princely lover, also anonymous. "The very name of the prince is unstated," says Mr. Thain, whose self-control may be commended to society journalists.

"A Girl in the Karpathians" is already in the second edition, and there are many other tokens that this sparkling book has achieved an instant success. Its effect on some of the staid old fogeys of criticism has been quite galvanic. They have shaken their heads and frowned a little, and even wagged a reproving finger; but it is manifest, all the same, that the book has given a fillip to their aged ideas. It must not be supposed that Miss Dowie's story which is announced to appear in *Bow Bells* is a new work. It was accepted three years ago, and the publishers of *Bow Bells* have suddenly become alive to the importance of its author.

Many students of eighteenth-century literature will envy Mr. G. A. Aitken the task of writing the Life of Dr. John Arbuthnot, which he will shortly publish, accompanied by a selection from his miscellaneous works. The subject has not by any means been overdone. Arbuthnot is remembered as the friend of Swift and Pope, as part author of the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," as the probable inventor of the generic name "John Bull," and as the hero of Pope's couplet—

Friend of my life, which did not you prolong  
The world had wanted many an idle song.

But here popular information pretty well stops short. The witty doctor's personality is altogether vague and obscure, and Mr. Aitken's book will have a justification for its existence.

Mr. Swinburne contributes to the *Athenæum* a poem on the four-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Eton College, in which he pays characteristic homage to his favourite poet—

Shelley, lyric lord of England's lordliest singers, here first heard  
Ring from lips of poets crowned and dead the Promethean word  
Whence his soul took fire, and power to outsoar the upward-soaring bird.

Mr. Gladstone has written the following letter to Mr. Fred. Henderson, the author of a volume of very striking poems, entitled "By the Sea," recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin—

Dear Sir,—After unavoidable delays, I have at length been able to turn to your poems. I recognise with pleasure their undeniable vitality, and hope you will earnestly and with ungrudging labour cultivate your gift. Forgive me if I expostulate a little, however, on behalf of the hired priest, whom you find it necessary to scorn. If the priest is to live, he must beg, earn, or steal. Which is best? Within the last six months, three, at least, of the most distinguished men of Oxford—Dean Church, Canon Liddon, and Mr. Aubrey Moore—have, I believe, shortened by devoted labour their most valuable lives. But all were hired priests. With hearty good wishes, your faithful and obedient

W. E. GLADSTONE.

*New Books and New Editions to Hand.*—"Renascence," a book of verse, by Walter Crane (Elkin Mathews); "A Group of Noble Dames," by Thomas Hardy (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.); "London City: Its History, Streets, Traffic, Buildings, and People," by W. J. Loftie, illustrated by W. Laker, jun. (Leadenhall Press); "Society Pictures from Punch," drawn by George Du Maurier, Vol. I. (Bradbury and Agnew); "The Making of Flowers," by Professor George Henslow, "Romance of Science Series" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge); "Coal and What We Get from It," by Raphael Meldola, "Romance of Science Series" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge); "Among the Holy Places: A Pilgrimage through Palestine," by James Kean (T. Fisher Unwin); "The Normans," by Sarah Orne Jewett, "Story of the Nations Series" (T. Fisher Unwin); "Strangers and Wayfarers," by Sarah Orne Jewett (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.); "The Risen Dead," by Florence Marryat, 2 vols. (Spencer Blackett); "Michael Villiers, Idealist, and Other Poems," by E. H. Hickey (Smith and Elder); "Marcia," by W. E. Norris (John Murray); "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard, Member of the Institute," by Anatole France, translated by L. Hearn (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.); "Westminster Abbey," by W. J. Loftie, illustrated by Herbert Railton, new edition, revised (Seeley and Co.) K.



## IS THERE A BROAD CHURCH PARTY?

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

Mr. Haweis is one of those brilliant men of genius who seldom get justice done to them, because they cannot be trusted to do justice to themselves. At his best he is one of the most eloquent writers and preachers in the Church of England; at his worst, he is never guilty of twaddle. Always suggestive, with a rare gift of seeing analogies that are sometimes startling, fertile in illustrations that are frequently utilised with consummate literary skill, perfectly fearless, not to say reckless, and animated by some genuine enthusiasm, he has yet failed of winning for himself that recognition which many clergymen with not a tithe of his ability and with none of his great gifts of utterance and dialectic receive, without our knowing how or why it should be accorded them.

If Mr. Haweis were always what he is sometimes, he would be reckoned as one of the most effective preachers in London. He has been called "the Mr. Spurgeon of the Church," but he is something less and something more. In point of subtlety, width of culture, finish of style, artistic sympathy, and critical insight, he is immeasurably Mr. Spurgeon's superior; but in that forcible directness on which the unlettered love to repose—in sledge-hammer power of driving in a pointless point—in that masterful strength which avails to wrench the keenest weapon out of the hands of the dearest swordsman, and makes the mere master of fence helpless to stand up against the master of rude common-sense, Mr. Spurgeon is everywhere; Mr. Haweis is nowhere. The parallel and the contrast between the two men might be easily drawn out in some detail; but perhaps the most salient point of difference between them lies in this, that Mr. Spurgeon is always himself; Mr. Haweis is rarely quite what we expect him to be. Mr. Spurgeon is sometimes very grim. We cannot always be sure that Mr. Haweis is serious.

As for this volume\*, the last of a long series every one of which is worth reading, it is a notable contribution to contemporary literature for more reasons than one—for the beauty of its style, for the incisiveness of its criticism, for the number of really splendid passages which it contains, but, above all, for the prevailing audacity of its tone. Yet, in the title of the book, there is an implied assumption, which I hold to be a false one. Mr. Haweis seems to take it for granted that there is such a party as the Broad Church Party. If, by "party," we are to understand a body of associates who are one in sympathy and purpose, having an organisation, a clear understanding of what they desire to see effected or attempted, with recognised leaders—organs in the press—and that solidarity which produces concerted action and disciplined co-operation, then it may be said without hesitation that there is no such thing as a Broad Church Party, and it may be doubted whether there ever has been such a party in England. There is, indeed, a small handful of men whose intellectual position in the Church appears to themselves perplexing, and who are dissatisfied with the theory of the Evangelicals on the one hand, or that of the High Anglicans on the other. They are more or less honestly and earnestly trying to make their own ground firmer; they are somewhat sadly calling out for sympathy; somewhat timidly putting forth their several views, somewhat cautiously claiming to be heard. But the very characteristic of these men is that they disclaim being *party men*, and are working in isolation. Their several followers resemble nothing so much as the tail of a comet—a thin, vapoury agglomeration of nebular atoms, "the dust of continents to be." Every now and then we hear of these "leaders" effacing themselves in a fit of ill-humour; then they drop out and are forgotten. They set up their private-venture chapels; they pose as men who have sacrificed everything to their convictions; they denounce abuses, and clamour for more liberty. The world and the Church look on with a cruel indifference, and the cynics say, "These are the men who have committed suicide for lack of imagination." But the more thoughtful, patient, and, it must be added, the more hopeful and the more earnest of the free-lances stand their ground, and hold on to what they can grasp, sometimes striking out like brave swimmers to reach an object which they have in view. They are men of very various types, often of dissimilar temperament, not unfrequently strongly opposed to one another in their methods of looking at the questions they discuss. Among them may be found such a passionless and arid philosopher as Mr. Llewellyn Davies, such a large-hearted and manly philanthropist as Mr. Harry Jones, such an accomplished preacher and man of letters as Archdeacon Farrar, or the bright and versatile author of this volume; but to assume that they and their congeners are linked together by any bonds of allegiance to a *cause*, or that they may be classed together as a *party*, in the usual acceptance of the word, is to assume the very contrary of the fact.

On the other hand, if we accept Mr. Haweis's book as an attempt to trace some of the leading lines of thought along which the speculation and inquiry of our time, inside and outside the Church, appear to be travelling, which some independent and high-minded clergymen are pursuing, seeking after truth and feeling after that with all their hearts, we cannot but be thankful that the author has set himself to his task so courageously, and we must congratulate him upon the execution of his work. As such we commend it to all who have any curiosity to know what those tendencies are which so able a writer as this regards as the governing tendencies of many thoughtful scholars and students among the Anglican clergy. These are they who cannot rest in mere negations, cannot content themselves with the traditional views of an age gone by, though they disdain to be unfaithful to the Church, in which they continue to minister, and count it shame to eat her bread and lift up their heels against her. Of course Mr. Haweis is weak on the constructive side. His most acute and trenchant exposure of the pretentious vapouring of "Robert Elsmere" easily demolishes the fallacies of that much over-rated book. But no sooner does he proceed to build up after triumphantly pulling down than he appears only as one of ourselves—a human creature, vulnerable as we all are: seeing, it may be, through a glass darkly, but seeing only a little way. The Psychological Society may have collected, and may continue to collect, facts, or reported facts, for many a long day before we shall be much the wiser; but in the meantime we shall continue to distrust teachers whose first postulate is that everybody else is wrong, and their second is that they and they alone can help us to a working hypothesis whereby any answer may be found to those profound problems which take into account the rise and fall in the tides of religious emotion, and the throbbings of the soul in its irrational joy, or grief, or yearning. Anyone and everyone may learn a great deal from Mr. Haweis's eloquent and subtle analysis of some of the great questions now at issue among us; he will get many pregnant hints and suggestions; he will rise from the volume with a sense of obligation to its author; but he will not find that all things are plain and easy yet. We are still a long way off from that. We are travellers all, sailing upon an ocean "whose margin fades for ever and for ever as we move."

\* *The Broad Church; or, What is Coming?* By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. London: Sampson Low, 1891.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W D H (Leicester).—Yes; the move was overlooked by both players and analyst, as a good number of correspondents pointed out at the time.  
CROCHERREXIS.—"Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," 6s. 6d.; "Steinitz's Modern Instructor," Part I., 7s. 6d.; "Gossip's Theory of Chess Openings" (just published), 7s. 6d.; "Mortimer's Chess-players' Pocket-book," 1s.  
F J LEE.—We are obliged for the information.  
A CHURCH.—Your position is quite inadmissible. Study a book on the two-move problem by G B Laws, that we noticed some little time ago, before trying another.  
W J T (Bath).—We give you all the space we can. Many thanks.  
L DESANGES.—Your amended problem can be solved by 1. Q to B 5th (ch), Kt takes Q; 2. P takes Kt, mate.  
Dr F ST.—In your last contribution, what about 1. K to B 2nd, K moves; 2. R to Kt 4th (ch); if P moves, 2. K to Kt 3rd, &c.?  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2450 to 2452 received from O H B (Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2453 from Dr A R V Sastry (Tunkur); of No. 2454 from Mish-Nish; of No. 2456 from J W Shaw (Montreal), L Desanges (Florence), Mish-Nish, Rev J Wills (Barnstable, Mass.), O E H (Clifton), and Emil Frau (Lyons); of No. 2457 from Archibald A Church, W David (Cardiff), and Captain J A Challice; of No. 2458 from O B H (Clifton), H V Crane, Emil Frau, W Hanrahan (Rush), Mish-Nish, C A Plaister (Swindon), O H Prior, Captain J A Challice, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), V Aioz y del Frago (Pamplona), Nellie Gales, W Slade (Bristol), Agnes K Mills (Woodford), R Battersby (Bury), J C Kistruck, E D Way, and Fitz Warman (Exeter).  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2459 received from Alpha, Dawn, Agnes K Mills, W David (Cardiff), J D Tucker (Leeds), N Harris, W Wright, T Roberts, W R Rallem, C E H (Clifton), Shadforth, Fr Fernando, (Dublin), V Aioz y del Frago, B D Knox, Sorrento (Dawlish), Dr Waltz, Martin F, O H Prior, Mark Dawson, G Joicey, Columbus, J Conad, L H Bennett, W B Holderness (Windsor), Julia Short (Exeter), Thomas Chown, L Desanges, M Burke, S Wodey, R Womers (Canterbury), R H Brooks, W Biehy, E London, P Anderson, D McCoy (Galway), J L Musgrave, J Dixon, E P Vulliamy, H S B (Ben Rhydding), F Brandreth, J F Moon, Mrs. Wilson, C E Perugini, J Hall, E E H, H V Crane, W B (Plymouth), D W J and G T (Cork), E Bygott, Captain J A Challice, A Gwinner, Blair H Cochrane, Dr F St, H B Hurford, and R Battersby (Bury).

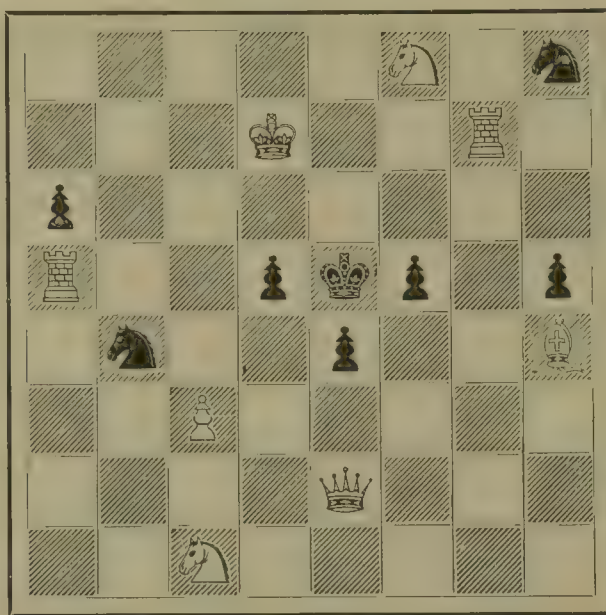
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2457.—By E. B. SCHWANN.

WHITE.  
1. P to K 5th.  
2. Kt to Q 5th.  
3. Q to B 7th. Mate.  
BLACK.  
K takes P.  
K to Q 3rd.  
If Black play 1. K to K 5th, 2. Kt to Q 5th; and if 1. P Queens, then 2. Q to B 4th (ch), K moves; 3. Q mates.

## PROBLEM No. 2461.

By J. W. G. TEN HONES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played at the Dundee Chess Club between Messrs. G. B. FRASER and R. TURNBULL.  
(Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. P to R 5th (ch)	K takes P
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P		
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th		
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th		
5. Kt to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd		
6. Kt takes B P	K takes Kt		
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th		
8. Q B takes P	P takes P		
9. B to B 4th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd		
10. Q to Kt B 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd		
11. B to K 5th			

This continuation does not appear to be noticed in the most recent text-books.  
11. Q Kt to B 3rd.  
12. Castles.  
13. P takes Kt.  
14. K to R 2nd.  
15. K to Kt 3rd.  
Black ought, we think, to play P to Q B 3rd, and avoid the dangerous attack to which he is immediately subjected by the move in text.  
16. R to B 7th (ch) K to Kt 3rd.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

One of several off-hand games played recently at Simpson's Divan between Messrs. LEE and TINSLEY.  
(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th		
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd		
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Q Kt 5th		
6. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt		
7. B to Q 3rd			

Q to Q 4th is the usual continuation, and is supposed to be in White's favour.  
7. P to Q 4th.  
8. P takes P.  
9. Castles.  
10. Q to K sq (ch).  
11. P takes Kt.  
12. P to K B 4th.  
The advance of this Pawn has a remarkable effect on the game. From this point the play is exceedingly ingenious on both sides.  
12. Castles.  
13. P to K B 5th.  
B to Q 4th.

Theory of the Chess Openings. By G. H. D. Gossip. (London, W. H. Allen and Co.)—This is a second edition of a work published some years ago, which met with sufficient public demand to warrant the present issue. Revised and brought down to date, it includes the latest analytical results, and most modern authorities are freely drawn upon to give fulness to the volume. The book itself is a handsome one, reflecting every credit on its publishers, and, but for the obtrusive personality of the editor, would leave little to desire in its particular line.

In the fight for the championship of the City of London Chess Club, Mr. Moriau has now, after a fine struggle, come out the winner of No. 1 section. He has still, however, to meet Mr. Loman, who won No. 2 section. This final duel will be commenced at once, and will form a fitting close to a very exciting tournament.

A first-class open tournament has been arranged to commence at Simpson's on Monday, June 8. Most of the masters in London have already entered, and several strong amateurs will probably play, all on even terms. Amateurs are invited to compete. Hon. treasurer, J. D. Henley; hon. secretary, F. J. Lee.

The return match between the Bath and Bristol Chess Clubs was played at the Guildhall, Bath, recently, and resulted in a further victory for the home team, this time with a score of 13½ to 7½. On the previous occasion Bath won by two games.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

When last I ascended the Eiffel Tower, a friend who accompanied me inquired if the erection was calculated to prove of any service to science—a question more readily asked than answered, although no one could doubt that many abstruse points in physics might be elucidated through the aid of a huge tower from which observations could be conveniently made. There has, however, lately been erected on the tower a mercurial pressure-gauge, such as will probably fulfil scientific expectations in a creditable manner. It seems that to register very high pressures in gases or fluids physicists require to employ gauges of great length and of vertical form. Naturally, the difficulties of working such gauges are immense, as indeed was proved in the case of a 300-ft. high instrument which M. Cailletet erected. With the Eiffel Tower as a support, a gauge 984 ft. high has been erected. By the exercise of extreme ingenuity the huge instrument has been successfully constructed in relation to its scientific uses. M. Eiffel, I understand, has borne the whole cost of its erection, while M. Cailletet has superintended its designing and construction. The reservoir of mercury exists at the base of the tower, and the necessary rise of the mercury in the tube (which is made of soft steel, about one-sixth of an inch in diameter internally) is obtained by the injection or pumping of water into the reservoir. By means of definite arrangements, which all seem to have been thought out with skill and acumen, this big pressure-gauge can be worked almost as easily as an instrument of ordinary size. We may expect to obtain fresh facts regarding the physics of both gases and liquids from the due employment of this latest addendum to the furnishings of M. Eiffel's tower.

Speaking of Paris reminds me of another highly useful institution of that capital—namely, the Observatory. The annual report for 1891 has been published under the editorship of Admiral Mouchez, who is the director of the Observatory, and deals, among other items, with the utility of the institution as a training college, in part for the study of navigation. Not only is there an Observatory school established at Montsouris, but very capably organised courses of instruction are given there to marine officers, explorers, and others. Thus there is a class of ocean geography; another class deals with the regulation of the compass in relation to iron ships especially; a third course of instruction treats of meteorology; and a fourth deals with electrical science. So far as one can gather, every encouragement is given for the full and free pursuit of research in meteorology and kindred studies, while it is mentioned that the explorers who of late years have done much to advance geographical knowledge from the French side have largely been trained in the Montsouris school. It is no small gain to a nation, and no small credit to its Government, to have established such a valuable school of instruction for its astronomers, geographers, and navigators.

The latest novelty I have heard of in the way of a competition of a physiological kind is one in which a number of persons agreed to test their ability to do without sleep for a full week; that is, for 168 hours on stretch. Fasting men have had their day, it is evident; so the selection of endurance against the attack of Morpheus may claim to present a distinct departure from the ordinary case of the bold individual who defies the laws of nature. The competition took place in Detroit (U.S.A.), and began at noon on a Monday. Before Thursday arrived in the week of competition, four of the competitors had sunk into the oblivion of sleep. The two who remained were Townsend (by profession a "six-day walker," a point worthy of note, as giving him a certain advantage of "use and wont" over his neighbour) and Cunningham, a ship carpenter. Curiously enough, the professional pedestrian succumbed before the carpenter. The former sank to rest on Sunday night. At midnight he literally succumbed to fatigue, and as he reeled and fell, he was asleep before even the watchman could reach him. Cunningham continued to hold out on his twelve hours' additional watch. When he had finished his week without sleep, he was conducted to the stage to receive the plaudits of the audience, but fell asleep before the chairman's "introductory remarks" (which, as I know to my sorrow, are often very prolonged) were finished. He was found to have lost 8 lb. in weight, while Townsend had lost 6 lb. On the principle that it is possible to have too much of a good thing, the competitors were not allowed to sleep on after the termination of their feat, but were indulged in short slumbers of fifteen minutes' duration, until, I presume, the normal sleep-habit became re-established. The foregoing account is a somewhat novel test of human endurance. It proves one thing, at least—namely, that it seems much easier to indulge in a good starve than to forego the visit of "nature's sweet restorer." In more than one sense, perhaps, sleep is both rest and food; and when sleep is denied us "that way madness lies."

Parents and guardians, as well as teachers, will feel interested in a discussion which took place at a recent meeting of the Medical Officers of Schools Association regarding school punishments. The medical officers were unanimous in condemning punishments consisting of orders to write out so many "lines." It is late in the day to add that certain forms of corporal punishment, of which boxing the ears or other chastisement applied to the head are examples, are to be roundly and soundly condemned. No child should be struck on the head, under any pretence whatever. Ruptured eardrums, and more serious effects still, are liable to follow this barbarous practice. "Punishment drill," in which the boy's exercise is still attended to while he is deprived of the freedom of joining in his usual games, is strongly advocated by most medical men; while for the residuum of bad boys, for whom nothing save actual corporal punishment possesses any deterrent effect, it is admitted that the old-fashioned birching is the only safe plan. I hold to the opinion that for a really bad boy—I mean a lad who is both a coward and a bully, and who may demoralise a whole class unless he is checked in his career—the infliction of physical pain is the one infallible cure. Your really bad boy is an arrant coward; and it is the most ridiculous piece of pseudo-sentimentalism which refuses to acknowledge that for gross and repeated offences against rule and discipline no corporal punishment is to be awarded, even by a head master. I speak as having had in my time no inconsiderable experience both of boys and older students, and, while one may well rejoice that the old system of universal caning (to which as a boy I myself was subjected) has died out, I am as strongly convinced that, for exceptional cases, corporal punishment forms the saving clause of many a lad. This may seem the repetition of a truism; but I do not forget that we live in days when police magistrates look askance at teachers who are summoned by irate parents for administering ordinary correction to troublesome boys; and it is well to bear in mind that the medical officers of schools, while condemning all harsh and unnecessary forms of punishment, yet admit that, without the existence of deterrent means, education simply becomes an impossibility.





SOLON'S CHEF-D'ŒUVRE AT PHILLIPS'S.

This vase, designed and manufactured for Messrs. Phillips, and which is now on view at their show-rooms, 175 to 179, Oxford Street, may fairly be described as the masterpiece of M. Solon, the eminent artist whose name for years past now has been solely associated with Minton's manufactures. As far as size is concerned, it is the largest piece of work he has ever attempted, and, from the difficulties encountered in bringing this stupendous specimen to perfection, it is very doubtful whether he will ever again try his hand on anything on a similar scale. The subject is Venus pleading to Bacchus and Ceres to give food to the starving Cupids.

On the left side the Cupids represent Youth, Wealth, Pleasure, Victory, Love, and Sovereignty. On the right side are depicted Music, War, Science, Games, a Beggar, Strength prostrated, and a Thief, all of whom, with the exception of the Beggar, are bringing offerings in exchange for bread and wine. At the back of the vase is the continuation of the temple, showing the steps and balustrades leading up to it. The varied and various expressions on the faces of the respective Cupids, so delicately and faithfully portrayed by M. Solon, show the artist at his very best, and it is not surprising that this, the most expensive piece of pottery of

modern times, is valued at 1500 guineas. The vase, which is 36 in. high, will not be reproduced, for the moulds will be destroyed. The time occupied in the production of this gem of *pâte sur pâte* pottery was two years and a half, it having to be kept in a moist condition for no less a period than two years in order that M. Solon could work upon it in a damp state. The whole of the vase is made of coloured clays, no paint being used in this style of pottery, and while in a soft state the artist places thereon a white clay, upon which he works out his designs with a knife, the result being cameo-work of the most delicate



description. Much of the time taken up in producing a work of art of this calibre is occupied in the number of times it has to be placed in the kiln, after the artist has finished his work, before the white clay obtains the proper transparency. But, notwithstanding this, and the amount of time occupied by M. Solon in cutting his faces and figures, it would, we contend, be a thousand pities if his expressed determination not again to attempt anything on so large a scale be carried out. The result in this case more than justifies the means: the effect is so exquisite, the elaborate detail so marvellously executed, and the *tout ensemble* such a unique and handsome example of high-art pottery on a colossal scale that we can only hope, for the sake of the reputation of English pottery, that M. Solon's latest great work will not be his last of similar dimensions. Messrs. Phillips are to be congratulated on possessing the most beautiful vase that has yet been manufactured, and are quite certain to have a large number of visitors, both English and American, to view it.

### THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

What a "penny dreadful" romance ready made the Berkeley peerage case affords! There are the virtuous village maiden, the wicked earl, the complaisant parson, the mock marriage, the register supposed to be destroyed but miraculously preserved—the whole familiar "bag of tricks" of the uninventive novelist or of the writer of transpontine melodrama. But there are some curious points in the case that the most daring of the tribe would not have ventured on inventing; and it is because one of these points is the singular chivalry of a son towards his mother that I refer to the subject.

"Mary Cole," the Countess of Berkeley whose history is in dispute, must have been a remarkable woman. Even on the supposition most unfavourable to her—the theory that the alleged secret (or mock) marriage never took place at all—it is sufficiently wonderful that she induced Lord Berkeley to marry her beyond dispute after she had lived with him for ten years. The question at issue, of course, is whether the title should now go to the descendants of the eldest son born *before* that undisputed marriage, or whether the first son born *after* it is to be held to have been the eldest legitimate son. The House of Lords, early in the century, decided that there had not been any marriage between the Earl and Mary Cole previous to 1796, and that only those children were legitimate who were born after what Lady Berkeley steadily declared to be her second wedding ceremony with her husband. On this decision, the actual eldest son of the union (to whom Lord Berkeley left a fortune) was created Lord Fitzhardinge; while the legal eldest son was called to the House of Peers as Earl of Berkeley. But—wonderful Mary Cole!—that young man, when he came of age, refused to take the title, on the sole ground that, were he to do so, he would be insulting his mother. He not only signed himself simply "Moreton Berkeley" to the day of his death, but he went so far as to write to the Lord High Chancellor threatening to fight that illustrious great officer of State "for summoning me to the House of Lords as Earl of Berkeley while an elder son of my father and mother is living." He remained unmarried, in order that no descendant of his should exist to traverse his action after his decease. The present claimant is his third cousin, the descendant of Mary Cole's husband's younger brother, who claims against a revived attempt by Lord Fitzhardinge to prove the earlier marriage legal.

Moreton Berkeley had a younger brother, Grantley, who used to say openly that he did not believe in his mother's alleged first marriage, and that *he* should take the title when it came to his turn, or charge his son to do so. But Grantley and both his sons died before Moreton, who lived and defended his mother's memory in that wonderful way till 1882, and was eighty-four years old when he died. The imagination of the small novelist would never have dared to soar to that height: the daughter of the village shopkeeper inspiring such deep and lasting devotion and exercising such permanent and paramount influence over her "wicked earl" and her son. How many a good, beautiful, cultured, and well-born woman has failed to win and hold husband and son so thoroughly!

Whatever changes may happen, one thing is certain—that women will never cease to admire strength and courage in the other sex. The Royal Military Tournament is a most popular annual entertainment with ladies. The Duchess of Westminster, in a black net over silk dress and silk and lace mantle, and Lady Salisbury, in her familiar long cloak made of an Indian shawl, and a black lace bonnet trimmed with violets, were the leading figures in a large gathering one afternoon. The musical ride of the Guards, in which the great black troop-horses turn and march as daintily and delicately as if they were fine ladies dancing a quadrille; the artillery driving, where the heavy gun-carriages, drawn by teams of six, rattle rapidly through a series of posts barely wider than the wheels apart; and the dramatic display of riding, leaping, and firing, given by a team of handsome fellows from Australia, were among the most popular features. A great many pretty dresses were worn in the patrons' and royal boxes, a noticeable feature being the number of gowns of woollen material with vests of the most beautiful light silk brocades. Another prominent fact at "smart functions" lately has been the increased length of the earrings worn. The tiny ear-tops that have been exclusively worn for so long are this season quite generally set aside in favour of short drops, single pear-shaped pearls with diamond tops being most often seen.

Just at this season the "Church Parade" in the Park affords a wonderful display of fashion and costume. The walk is thronged by hundreds of people, most of them thoroughly well dressed. Here and there you come across the blatant blue or the brilliant red to which the fancy of the middle-class maiden lightly turns in spring. But the refined tones and the styles which a good dressmaker always makes elegant and refined, albeit in accordance with the whim of passing fashion, are seen on the majority. Grey in many tones, and a grey-blue, very becoming to blondes, contest the palm of popularity with heliotrope in countless shades. Thin cloths, and even tolerably substantial tweeds, are combined with silk vests, sashes, hems, and panels. The latter are now seldom seen plain, but often as a few narrow pleats appearing at the exact back or front, or else at one side, simulating an underskirt, over which the cloth opens. Dresses of silk, shot or plain, covered with fancy net, are very popular for carriage wear—and carriage and visiting gowns may be worn in the Park on Sunday. A typical gown of this kind was of dark heliotrope, almost purple, faille, the skirt covered entirely, but almost plainly, with black net, having black glacé ribbon forming a pattern on it, and the bodice with the full sleeves and vest also draped with the same net. Another was pale grey shot to gold, with net covered with velvet spots forming the drapery. Chiffon bows of a very large size, but generally without ends, were worn by most ladies who had not put on mantles.

### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the late Charles Robert Claude, second Baron Truro, has been proved at the Principal Probate Registry, by Mr. Arthur Edwin Quekett and Mr. Charles Alfred Wood, the executors, the net value of the personal estate having been sworn at the sum of £33,350 19s. 1d.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1888) of Dame Eliza Jane Nicolson, late of Hayden Court, near Cheltenham, who died on March 20, was proved on May 16 by James Lamond, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £20,000. After giving various legacies, the testatrix leaves the residue of her estate heritable and movable, real and personal, to her nephews James Hay, William A. Hay, and William A. Robert Jack, and her niece, Grace Mary Hay, equally, share and share alike.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1888) of Sir Thomas Sowler, late of Oakbank, Victoria Park, Rusholme, Manchester, who died on April 4, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on May 1 by Henry Lycett, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £107,000. The testator leaves his wines and consumable stores, horses and carriages to his wife, Dame Emily Sowler; his residence in Victoria Park to his wife, for life or widowhood; £2000 per annum to his wife, for life, to be reduced to £500 in the event of her marrying again; and he confirms the settlement of his furniture and effects. There are also a few other legacies. His newspaper business, including the freehold and leasehold properties where the same is carried on, and all the fixtures, machinery, plant, stock, books, newspapers, copyrights, goodwill, cash at his bankers in his several business accounts, &c., he gives to his executors, upon trust, to carry it on until his youngest son attains twenty-one, when one or more of his sons are given the option of purchasing same for £30,000. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated July 1, 1886), with four codicils (dated Oct. 8, 1888; May 14, 1889; and March 2 and Nov. 7, 1890), of Mr. Samuel Hyam, late of 109, Westbourne Terrace, who died on April 26 last, was proved on May 21 by Arthur Halford, Frederic Michael Halford, and Robert Halford, the sons, and Alfred David Lewis, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £118,000. The testator gives £3000 Four Per Cent. Debenture Stock Grand Trunk Railway, upon trust, for his sister, Catherine Spier, for life; £1000, upon trust, for his niece, Adeline Manville; £250 to be divided by his executors between such charitable institutions of the Jewish faith, and in such proportions, as they shall in their discretion think fit; £6000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Isabel Lewis, her husband and children; his leasehold houses in New Street, Birmingham, upon trust for his daughter Mrs. Agnes Hannah Meyer, her husband and children; and there are many specific and pecuniary legacies to sons and daughters and their respective wives and husbands; and also legacies to grandchildren, persons in the employ of Hyam and Co. (Limited), executors, and servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fifth to each of his three sons, Arthur, Frederic Michael, and Robert; one fifth, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Lewis, her husband and children; and one fifth, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Meyer, her husband and children.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway, of Mr. William McKie of Moat House,

THE MANUFACTURING

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The Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

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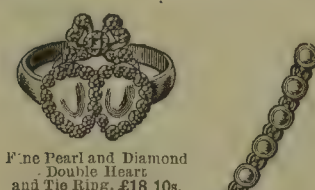
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Fine Diamond Star, to form Brooch or Hair-Pin, £20.



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Orders executed with the utmost care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the selection is left to the firm, customers may rely upon good taste and discretion being used, and the prices being exactly the same as if a personal selection were made.

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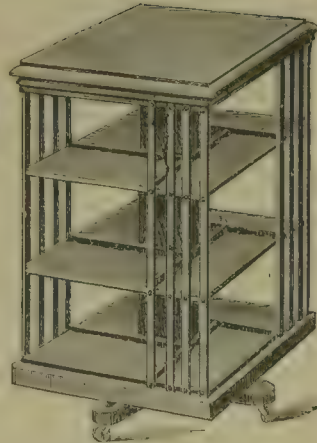
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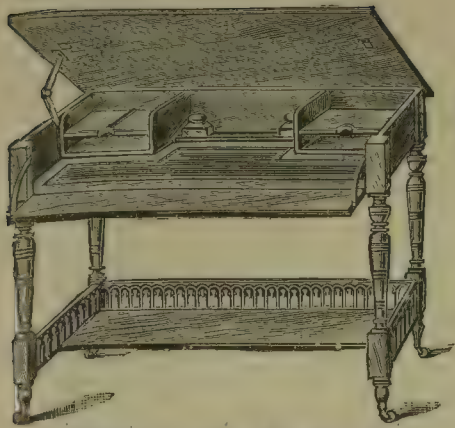


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£2 18s. 6d.

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The advantage of this Table is that the top and flap can be closed and secured with one action, without disturbing the contents, and can only be opened with a key. When closed, it forms an ordinary occasional table.

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NEW JACKET, £1 8s. 6d.

In Black and Navy Blue Vicuna Serges, faced deeply back with Silk. To be worn open or closed, £1 8s. 6d. Four sizes.



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Stylish three-quarter Cape, in new Faced Cloths, prettily braided, all colours, 1½ Guineas.

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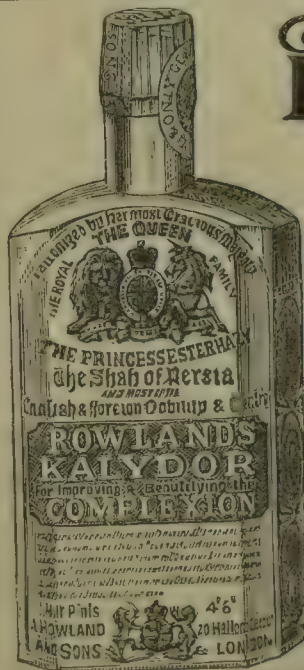
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cools, heals, and refreshes the face, hands, and arms of all exposed to the hot sun and dust; removes freckles, tan, sunburn, redness and roughness of the skin, spots, cutaneous eruptions, &c.; soothes and heals all irritation, eczema, burns, stings of insects, &c.; and produces soft, fair, and delicate skin and complexion. Warranted free from leaden and other poisonous ingredients.

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BOTTLES, 4s. 6d. and 2s. 3d.

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whitens the teeth, prevents decay, and sweetens the breath. Ask anywhere for ROWLANDS' articles, of

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Dumfries, who died on March 19, granted to Thomas McKie and Miss Jessie McKie, the executors, dative qua next-of-kin, was resealed in London on May 23, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £114,000.

The will (dated July 29, 1885), with three codicils (dated Aug. 1, 1889, and May 6 and July 21, 1890), of Miss Jane Charlotte Campbell, late of 37, Seymour Street, Portman Square, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on May 19 by Miss Emily Campbell, the sister, the surviving executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £30,000. The testatrix gives £100 to her brother, James Campbell, as a token of affection and gratitude; and the residue of her personal estate and all her real estate (if any) to her said sister Emily.

The will (dated March 2, 1871) of Mr. Charles Lee Lewes, formerly of 25, Church Row, Hampstead, and late of 6, Cambridge Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on Feb. 26, at Luxor, in Upper Egypt, has been proved by Mrs. Gertrude Lewes, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely. The deceased was the eldest and only surviving son of the late George Henry Lewes; and was left by "George Eliot" at her death the residue of her property, including the copyright of all her own and his father's works.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1882), with four codicils (dated Feb. 5, 1886; June 15, 1887; July 23, 1889; and Oct. 10, 1890), of Mrs. Julia Charlotte Maude, late of 77, Belgrave Road, Pimlico, who died on March 30, was proved on May 16 by James Alfred Hallett and William Maude, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Belgrave Hospital and the Westminster Hospital; and the painted-glass window on her staircase at 77, Belgrave Road to the vicar of St. Saviour's, St. George's Square, to be placed in the said church, and the expenses of the removal and fitting are to be paid for out of her estate.

The will (dated April 8, 1881), with a codicil (dated April 4, 1883), of Mr. James Aspinall Tobin, J.E., formerly Mayor of Liverpool, late of Eastham, Cheshire, who died on April 16,

was proved on May 19 by Mrs. Olivia Maria Tobin, the widow, Alfred Aspinall Tobin, the son, and Duncan Campbell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000. The testator confirms the settlement made on his marriage, whereby he covenanted to pay as from his decease an annuity of £500 to his wife for life; and he provides that the £5000 covenanted to be paid by him to his daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Coker, under her marriage settlement, shall be taken in part satisfaction of her share of his estate. He bequeaths £750 and his furniture and effects to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his issue as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Jan. 13, 1888), with two codicils (dated Aug. 10, 1888, and Jan. 24, 1890), of Mr. Edward Pain, late of Wykeham Park, Frimley, who died on April 6, was proved on May 12 by William Henry Bellew Pain and Robert Tucker Pain, the sons, and Henry Woodcock Ryland, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Homœopathic Hospital, Great Ormond Street.

It is understood that the German Emperor and Empress will visit the Crystal Palace during their stay in London, and that the Emperor will then review the Volunteer Fire Brigades with their horses and engines.

Walt Whitman, the poet, celebrated his seventy-second birthday on May 31 in a quiet but happy way. The weather was delightful, and Mr. Whitman sat in a little summer-house receiving callers nearly all day. The arbour was filled with flowers before dusk. The "good grey poet," though not able to get about very briskly, is in good health and spirits. The old gentleman entertained his guests with selections from his own works. From time to time, as groups gathered, he would open a volume, and eyeing his audience critically, select a passage which he believed would please them. Letters of congratulation were received from Lord Tennyson and many others.

## OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF CLANCARTY.

The Right Hon. Richard Somerset Le Poer Trench, fourth Earl of Clancarty, Viscount Dunlo, and Baron Kilconnell in the peerage of Ireland, Viscount Clancarty and Baron Trench in that of the United Kingdom, Marquis of Hensden in the Netherlands, died at his residence, 34, Lennox Gardens, London, on May 29, 1891, the eldest son of

the third earl, by Sarah Juliana, his wife, daughter of the third Earl of Carrick, and succeeded to the honours at his father's death, April 26, 1872. He married Nov. 29, 1866, Lady Adeliza Georgiana Hervey, daughter of the second Marquis of Bristol, and leaves issue two sons and one daughter. The elder of the former, William Frederick, Viscount Dunlo, born Dec. 29, 1868, is now fifth Earl of Clancarty, and is married to Isabel Maude Penrice, daughter of Mr. J. G. Bilton. The Earldom of Clancarty was conferred in consequence of the descent of the first earl of the Trench family from the MacCarty's, Viscounts Muskerry and Earls of Clancarty.

SIR WILLIAM WYLLIE, G.C.B.

General Sir William Wyllie, G.C.B., Colonel of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, died at 2, Queensborough Terrace, Lancaster Gate, on May 26, in his eighty-ninth year. He was third son of Mr. John Wyllie of Holmhead House, Kilmarnock. This distinguished officer, one of the most eminent of the late Honorable East India Company's Service, joined the Bombay army in 1819, and attained the rank of general in 1871. His career included many of the chief achievements of the time—the campaigns in Scinde, Beloochistan, and Afghanistan; the Bolan Pass, the siege of Guznee, the fall of Cabul, the capture

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In Packets, price 1/1, post free 1/3, of all Chemists.  
Sole Proprietors, FRAZER & Co., 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

As showing the great growth in the public esteem of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, particulars of the sale are appended—

	Average Packets per month.
One year, 1889	6600
One year, 1890	34,000
Four months, 1891	53,742

As illustrating the great increase of sales in the four months ending April 30, 1891, the certificate of a Chartered Accountant is appended.

35, Eastcheap, London, E.C.,  
May 13, 1891.

Messrs. Frazer & Co., 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

DEAR SIRS,—I have examined your Sales Book, in conjunction with your Stock Book, for the purpose of ascertaining the Sales of your Sulphur Tablets, and hereby certify that for the four months ending April 30 last the Sales of Sulphur Tablets amounted to 214,970 packets, viz.—

January	39,608 packets.
February	50,119 "
March	59,087 "
April	66,156 "
	214,970 "

Yours faithfully,

(Signed)  
WILLIAM A. TURNER,  
Chartered Accountant.



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Registered Design.  
MAPPIN and WEBB'S New Stand for Peaches or other Fruits. Shells, gilt inside, £3 5s.



Tea Tray, handsomely Engraved Centre and Handles.  
20 inches, £11 11s. 22 inches, £12 12s. 24 inches, £13 13s.

Goods sent on  
Approval to the  
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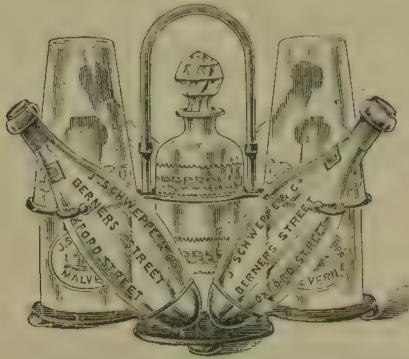
Richly Engraved Revolving Soap Tureen.  
11 inches, Engraved Cover, £5; Plain Cover, £4 4s.



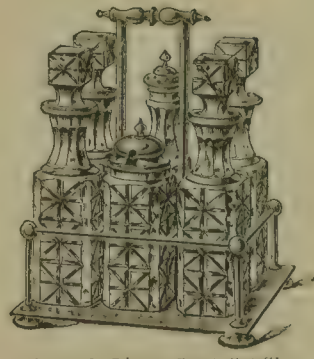
Cut and Engraved Claret  
Jug, Massive Mounts,  
£2 10s. Sterling Silver  
Mounts, £5 5s.



Breakfast Dish, converts into three dishes by  
simply removing the handle, £3 15s.



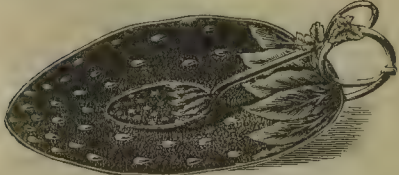
Brandy and Soda Stand, Engraved Glass Decanter,  
and Two Soda-Water Tumblers, with spaces for Two  
Seltzer and Four Soda-Water Bottles, £3 10s.



Six-Bottle Dinner Cruet, Cut-Glass  
Bottles, £3 10s.



Claret Jug, richly Cut Glass,  
Chased Mount, £3 8s.  
Sterling Silver, £3 5s.



Strawberry Dish, richly Hand-Chased and part  
Gilt, £1 15s. Spoon to match, 10s.



Pepper Mill, with  
Cut-Glass Body, 15s.  
Sterling Silver,  
£1 15s.



Crumb Scoop, with Carved Ivory Handle, 18s. 6d.  
Sterling Silver, £4.

## CHALLENGE CUPS.



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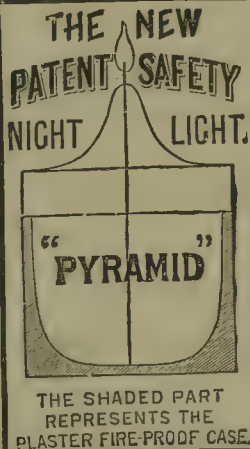
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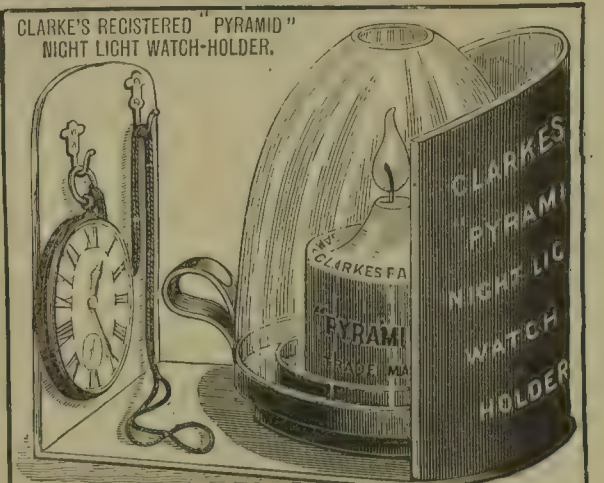
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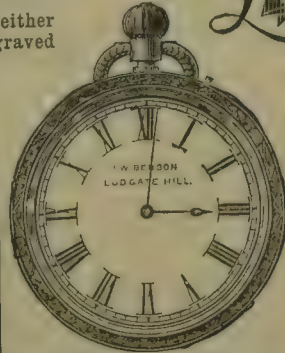
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of Kelat, the battle of Meanee, &c. He married, in 1831, Amelia, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Hutt of Appley, Isle of Wight.

#### VISCOUNT ARBUTHNOTT.

The Right Hon. John, ninth Viscount Arbuthnott, and Baron Inverbervie, in the peerage of Scotland, died at Arbuthnott House, Kincardineshire, on May 26. He was born June 4, 1806, the eldest son of the eighth Viscount, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of the Hon. Walter Ogilvy of Clova, and succeeded his father in 1860. He was in early life a captain in the Army, but retired on half-pay in 1830. He married, June 5, 1837, his cousin, Lady Jean Graham Drummond Ogilvy, daughter of the sixth Earl of Airlie, and leaves four sons and one daughter. The eldest son, John, Master of Arbuthnott, late lieutenant 49th Foot, born in 1843, is now tenth viscount.

#### SIR HORACE ST. PAUL, BART.

Sir Horace St. Paul, second baronet, of Ewart Park, Northumberland, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, died recently. He was born Dec. 29, 1812, the only son of Colonel Horace David Cholwell St. Paul, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, M.P. for Bridport, on whom the baronetcy was conferred in 1813, by Anna Maria, his wife, daughter of John, Viscount Dudley and Ward. He married,

in 1867, Jane Eliza, daughter of Mr. G. A. Grey of Milfield, and had an only daughter, Maria, born in 1868. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and was for some time M.P. for East Worcestershire. He was J.P. and D.L., and served as High Sheriff for Northumberland in 1851. With him the baronetcy becomes extinct.

#### SIR WILLIAM PARKER, BART.

Sir William Parker, Bart, D.L., of Melford Hall, Suffolk, whose death occurred on May 24, was son of Vice-Admiral Hyde Parker, C.B., Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty, by Caroline his wife, daughter of Sir Frederick Morton Eden, Bart., and grandson of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, Bart. Sir William succeeded his cousin, Sir Hyde Parker, as ninth baronet, March 21, 1856; and married, Nov. 22, 1855, Sophia Mary, second daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Clarke Barnardiston of The Ryes, Sudbury, Suffolk. He leaves, with other issue, a son, the Rev. William Hyde Parker, born April 8, 1863, now tenth baronet.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Mary Russell, wife of the Rev. Canon Richard Norris Russell, and half-sister of the present Earl of Egmont, on May 25, at The Grange, Chalfont, St. Peter, Bucks, aged sixty.

Mr. Samuel Crompton, M.D., on May 23, aged seventy-four, grandson of the famous mechanical genius who invented the spinning-mule. He was devoted to the cure of blindness.

Emma, Lady Edmonstone, widow of Sir Archibald Edmonstone, third Baronet of Duntreath, and daughter of Mr. Randle Wilbraham, of Rode Hall, Cheshire, on May 25, in her eighty-seventh year.

Mr. George Fereday Smith, M.A., of Grovehurst, Tunbridge Wells, on May 26, aged seventy-nine. He was J.P. for Kent, Sussex, and Lancashire, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and for half a century general manager of the landed, mining, and commercial interests of the Bridgewater Trust, Manchester. He was son of Mr. Richard Smith of Shenstone Hall, Staffordshire.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

A burlesque on Ibsen was inevitable. Already many clever satirists have tried their hands at the parody that was bound to come. The illustrated papers, the comic papers, the gossiping papers, were first in the race, and outstripped the stage. I have seen and laughed over excellent Ibsen imitations by Mr. J. P. Hurst; by a clever young writer, Mr. Alfred Berlyn, who is pushing his way rapidly to the front; by—I presume—Mr. Anstey, in the columns of our old and dear friend *Punch*. But, somehow, I think the prize so far should be awarded to Mr. J. M. Barrie, who has not only hit the mark but scored a bull's-eye at Toole's Theatre with his Ibsen play. It is no easy matter to bring out the funny side of the new philosophy in a few minutes, and to do so with such admirable sense of humour. There was an old song once that said, "I'll strike you with a feather! I'll hit you with a fan!" I am reminded of that when I recollect Mr. Barrie's little play. He is the most kindly and pungent satirist. He does not hit out hard and fell his antagonist. He dances round him and digs him in the ribs. Mr. Barrie's method is the graceful method of Calverley, not the grim and savage warfare of Swift. The subject was not worth any loss of temper. Too much has been lost over it already. The time seemed to Mr. Barrie to have come to tickle old Ibsen in the ribs, to make a fantastic wreath of the vine-leaves in his hair, and to leave him there, a harmless and silly old gentleman. It would have been downright cruelty to knock the poor old fellow down, to brutally insult or maltreat him, so Mr. Barrie shows him to us—but oh! with such rare skill and insight—as a well-meaning but crazy individual, to be laughed at, not to be taken seriously. Two of the points made in the new play struck me as going at once to the root of the subject, and unmasking the pretence of Ibsenism. The feeble Thea is represented, of course, as married to George Tesman. She cannot resist a man who compares notes with her. She has fallen in love with the vine-leaved Lövgorg over their confidential literary companionship; and we all knew what would happen when Thea and Tesman were left alone. Why, the astute Hedda Gabler knew it before she went behind the curtain with the general's pistols. She anticipated the result before she patted their silly heads and left them to

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## LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and



their compilation. Even the idiotic Tesman, who has in a dim way a curious affinity to the Ranks and the Rosmers, but without a tenth part of their brains, dimly imagined the future when he proposed that the pasting together of the Löwborg manuscript should take place in the secluded household of the maiden aunt. Well, of course Thea and Tesman are married and settled; but how deliciously funny is the attitude of the trembling Thea, panting and palpitating for further emancipation! She is afflicted with an hereditary mania: she kisses every man she meets. It is never safe to leave her alone with an unvisited stranger. She means no harm, but she cannot help it. And then it turns out that her virtuous grandparent has kissed a bridesmaid in the dark on the eve of his marriage to Thea's grandmother! What a delightful, and still what a delicate, satire of "Ghosts"! No one has yet touched one of the strong points of Ibsenism more cleverly than that. But greater fun remains behind—a satire more pungent still. An old lady turns up—the grandmother in question—and she grimly reproaches her better half—made up as Ibsen—with the horribly monotonous, virtuous, and conventional life that she has led by the side of this silly old gentleman. She too has longed for vine-leaves in her hair—or the absence of them; but she has been condemned to idiotic and monotonous propriety. Her life has been one fever and fret, pining for the freedom, social and moral, of the emancipated ones, and all the

time she has been Darby-and-Joaning it, sitting on her silly old husband's knee, while he toyed with her hairpins. Why, here we have the Ibsen nonsense in a nutshell! How much better this, how much wiser, how much cleverer than all the earnest essays that many of us have been writing! *Mea culpa, mea culpa! Mea maxima culpa!* I own it! I confess it! I did my best. I acted according to my own lights, but I would sooner have been able, if I could have had the wit to do so, to turn the Ibsen philosophy inside out in this fashion than to have attacked it with earnestness, sincerity, and conviction. Here you have it! If you want to know all the nonsense that these people have been talking, if you want to hear what the new religion really means, go and hear Thea confess that she cannot resist miscellaneous osculation because of her hereditary disease, and go and listen to the grey-haired old grandmother who proposes to her husband that they should both commit suicide, because their life together has been so horribly and monotonously pure! Is such fun as this unfair? Is it not what schoolboys call "fair chaff"? Honestly, I think it is. I don't suppose that Mr. J. M. Barrie thinks seriously about the subject one way or the other. I did and do. But some of us have shouted it out of court: he has laughed it out. And, in the long run, the laughter is better than the shout. Even in parody Ibsen is doomed to assist the actress. Suddenly, out comes Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who no one dreamed was a comic actress, and we find her,

with true artistic instinct, understanding her author without so much as a suggestion, and burlesquing both Miss Marion Lea and Miss Elizabeth Robins in the kindest spirit. And, of course, the delightfully comic Mr. J. L. Toole, made up so splendidly as Ibsen, gives the whole thing a *cachet* of interest. This little "skit" at Toole's Theatre is not to be missed by anyone who has followed the question, read the plays, or been interested in the controversy.

It is an old saying that actors and actresses are the worst judges of plays. It has once more turned out to be true at the Strand. Everyone was talking of the almost inevitable success of an American version of a German farce, "A Night's Frolic." It had succeeded to admiration on the other side of the Atlantic. Miss Helen Barry had made a fortune out of it. This beautiful woman masquerading as a dashing young officer was the talk of the city. But, lo and behold! what a difference! The much-vaunted farce is not only extremely vulgar—which anyone might have guessed—but it bores the audience to distraction, which is an unpardonable crime. A farcical comedy that sends an audience to sleep is not to be forgiven. Tragedies and Sheridan Knowles can do that. And it is not as if the play were badly acted or clumsily studied. Mr. Willie Edouin, Miss Alice Atherton, Miss Florence West are good enough for any farcical comedy that ever was written. But they could do nothing with "A Night's Frolic," but make it an evening with the doldrums!

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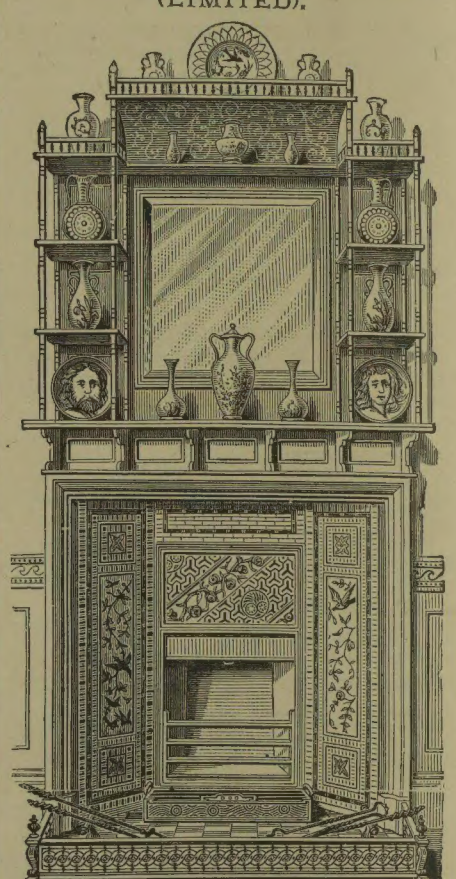
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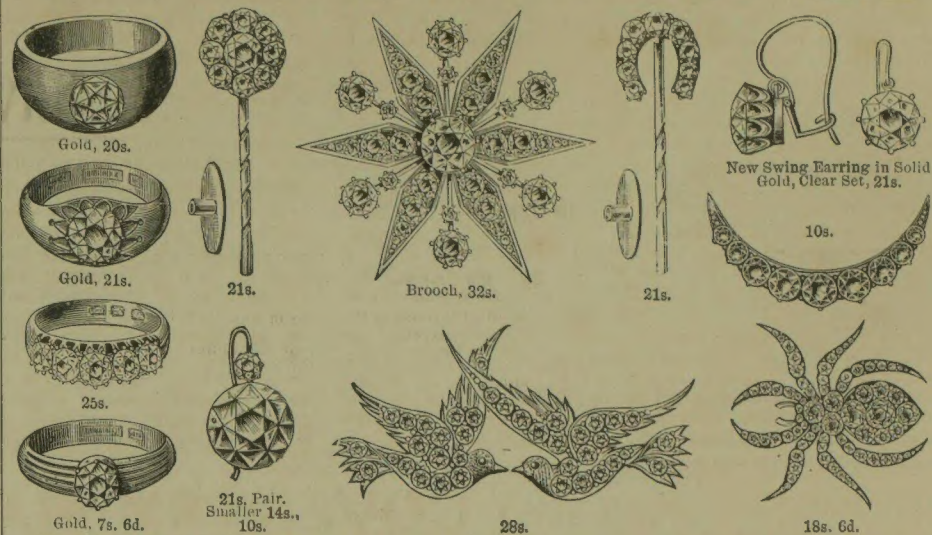
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To see you wash clothes with this soap. Let them see you soap the clothes well, then roll them up in a tight roll, and put under the water and left for half an hour, then taken out and rinsed. It will be quite a curiosity for them to see a wash done without the necessity of scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how dirty or soiled.

## DON'T DIE BEFORE YOUR TIME.

Many a woman has to bend over a steaming wash-tub full of soiled clothes—then to run out, bare-headed, to hang them up. The sudden change brings on a cold, followed by diphtheria, ending in the death of the victim. Friends call it a dispensation of Providence. What the poor woman actually died of was poor soap. With "Sunlight Soap" there is no need for steaming and boiling.



"See smiling faces all around  
Wherever Sunlight Soap is  
found."

## ECONOMISE.

One tablet of the "Sunlight Soap" will do more washing than two tablets of ordinary laundry soaps.

It will make your clothes white.

It will not injure the most delicate lace.

It will not shrink flannels and woollens.

It will enable you to do a large wash in half a day.

## YOUR CLOTHES WILL LAST LONGER.

With the old adulterated soaps clothes wear out quicker than lightning.

The "Sunlight Soap" takes the dirt out without injuring the finest material.

## YOUR BUTTONS WILL STAY ON.

For by using the "Sunlight Soap" the old process of dollying is unnecessary, and thus the buttons are not torn off or broken.

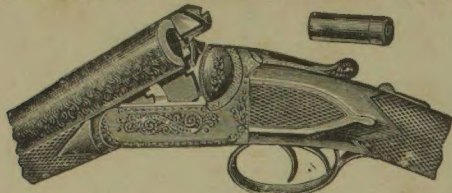
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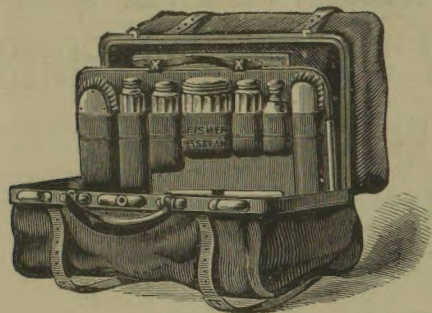
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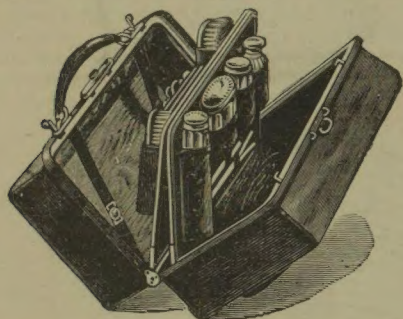
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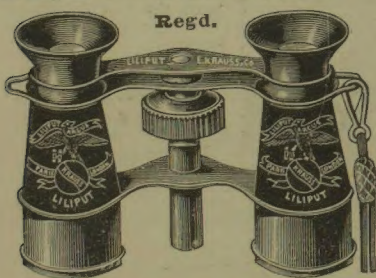
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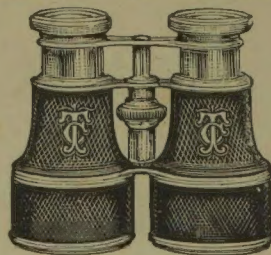
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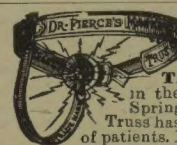
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